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THE BOHLEN LECTURES FOR 1895

THE WORLD AND THE WRESTLERS

PERSONALITY AND RESPONSIBILITY

BY

HUGH MILLER THOMPSON

BISHOP OF MISSISSIPPI

NEW YORK
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"The lecturer shall be appointed annually in the month of May, or as soon thereafter as can conveniently be done, by the persons who for the time being shall hold the offices of Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese in which is the Church of the Holy Trinity; the Rector of said Church; the Professor of Biblical Learning, the Professor of Systematic Divinity, and the Professor of Ecclesiastical History, in the Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Philadelphia.

"In case either of said offices are vacant, the others may nominate the lecturer."

Under this trust, the Right Rev. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, D.D., D.C.L., Bishop of the Diocese of Mississippi, was appointed to deliver the lectures for the year 1895.

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LECTURE I.

PERSONALITY OF MAN.

And Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a Man with him until the breaking of the day. And when He saw that He prevailed not against him, He touched the hollow of his thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with Him. And He said, Let Me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me. And He said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob. And He said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. And Jacob asked Him, and said, Tell me, I pray Thee, Thy name. And He said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after My name? And He blessed him there. And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved.

GEN. xxxii. 24–30.

THE WORLD AND THE WRESTLERS.

LECTURE I.

PERSONALITY OF MAN.

IT is my purpose in these Lectures—the duty of delivering which I have accepted with great diffidence—I will not say to discuss, I will much less say to explain, but to call attention to, and make suggestions upon, the fact of Personality, which is to me the most wonderful fact in my knowledge—I think, indeed, I may say in the whole circle of human knowledge.

That I say "I"; that I speak to other "I's"; that I deal with them, meet them, talk to them, love some of them more than I love myself; that some of them have gone from my sight; that I have stood by the graves where we buried their material forms, and yet that they are living to me; will, indeed, never die to me; are more liv-

ing and more dear and near to me than other "I's" which are full of what we call life and action—these things, I say, which are *facts*, and to me, at least, are far more wonderful and closely important facts than any others, must be, like other facts, accepted and dealt with.

They are practically excluded from the circle of what, in our day, is called Science, which has taken for herself as yet a very narrow range.

The science of man is not biology, nor even psychology, nor sociology. The most complete discussion of the physical make-up and bodily origin of man, the same discussion of his intellectual powers, and the added study of his social habits and conditions have not grasped the real question.

One can, for instance, study biology in oysters, in barnacles, in mosquitoes. (And the biology of these last is, in some respects, far more curious than that of man.) One can study psychology in apes. I love to study it in dogs, and in them it is wonderful. One can study sociology in bees, and devote a well-spent life to it; and one might —which nobody has yet done—devote a life to the study of sociology in ants, with great profit, perhaps, certainly with great interest to himself

and others. But none of these sciences touch at all the questions I have suggested.

Shall we go on excluding from Science the most close, pressing, experienced facts with which we are familiar? How comes the "I"? What does it mean to be an "I" and say "I"? to stand by itself and separate itself from the entire universe completely; yes, *completely*, and just as completely from all other "I's"? How comes it to feel that it can stand alone, *must* stand alone, indeed, very often, and assert itself in the teeth of all circumstances and of all men, and say, "I will," or "I will not"? How comes it most insolently, in one point of view, to stand before ten thousand other "I's" and say in their scowling faces, "This ought to be," "This ought *not* to be;" "I will die, but I will stand by it, that this is wrong" or "this is right"? How comes this?

Shall we ever have a branch of Science called "pneumatology"? Science has never reached the pneuma yet. Hitherto she has dealt with men as animals, somata, psychai, bodies, living things—bodies in their biology: the way they live and continue their kind; science of vegetables, of cabbages and carrots; science of cholera germs, diphtheria, and smallpox.

With psychology, in a way: what sense the things and creatures have; how they manage to keep up the psyche, the life, the arrangements and provisions for existence and continuance.

With sociology also: how the things and creatures live together and repel and attract each other; the sociology of cucumbers and squashes, which every gardener ought to know or he will spoil both crops. Indeed, a step farther, rising even to ourselves—a vast stride; that higher races and lower races of men, both living together in equal conditions, must strike a general average, and the high must go half-way down if the low is to come half-way up.

But with pneumatology Science bows herself out. I believe Science is wrong by her own definition of herself. Why should she leave the pneuma to religion alone? Why abandon it in despair to what some of her disciples consider the dreams and imaginations of mere religion?

There are the *facts!*—facts evident, insistent, close about our paths and about our beds; facts of the "I" and its duties, its transgressions and their penalties, its days and its nights, its companionships and its loneliness, its awful experiences, its visions of the high, white heavens and

of the awful, low-down, lurid hells. *Why has Science walled all these facts out?*

Will you pardon me for saying that I think Science is very small so far? Small, because she ignores the facts right at her door, puts on her spectacles, and goes round, like an ancient witch, in the dark and the swamp, to find "facts" which, if they be facts, are of no great vital consequence to men, and never deigns to deal with or help to explain the facts that stare me in the face at my hearthside, at my lying down, at my rising up.

But Science is in her childhood yet, and must grow; or, to use her own phrases, "develop" or "evolute." She has millions of long miles before her, and possibly thousands of long years, and she is creeping yet; has, perhaps, by God's blessing, in these last years, been provided with a go-cart (I hope so), that she may learn the sooner to walk —namely, the working hypothesis of evolution.

So let us be very thankful that there is any movement at all, on the line of knowing things, by the human psyche—any movement beyond trying to know how to provide the human soma with better food, drink, and shelter.

It is inevitable that, at last, there shall be some

attempt to know something of man; and that means, for us Nicene Christians, something of God. The Pneuma will seek to be known also.

For man is pneuma, and God is Pneuma. The Lord put those two facts together long ago. "God is a Spirit [Pneuma]: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

I believe there is a science of the pneuma possible, and to be formulated sometime—a collection and formulation of the *facts* concerning *egos*, *I's*—that is, men and God. These are the only I's that Science can recognize and investigate.

I think these are legitimate subjects, too, of scientific investigation; I do not mean speculative or metaphysical word-confusion, I mean *scientific* investigation upon the strictest and most peremptory lines.

It will take many ages, perhaps, before Science, working up through bathybius, monads, and mollusks, developing slowly, as the law of development compels, will venture upon the study of an "I" even finite and earthly, and all the facts that "I" holds, and all that grow out of them.

It will take, no doubt, endless myriads of ages, and in other worlds, before Science reaches the point of trying to study and understand the awful,

infinite, eternal "I Am that I Am." And yet "to know God, this is life eternal." But this will be science of the pneuma, not of the psyche.

I believe there is no knowing man apart from knowing God. These two have always gone together—somehow are always bound together. You may know all about a horse, I think; all about a mule, even (a much more "differentiated" animal)—I was going to say, without knowing anything about God; but I doubt even that. I am sure you can know nothing about man, in the differentiation which makes him man and distinguishes him from either the bird or the animal, without knowing a great deal about God. You certainly cannot know much about God unless you know a good deal about man.

For these two are "I's," and, as far as we can study them in this visible world, are the only "I's." I hesitate to say it, yet why should I? In scientific speech I should be compelled to say it. In Nicene speech I say it continually. These two "I's" *are of one species!* From the one I can at least begin the study of the other. "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." A Man, remember, said this. He is a Man to-day, as He was then. He will remain a Man forever.

We start with *that* and all its consequences (and they are overwhelming) as a matter of faith.

In the end it will be a matter of Science—that Man governs the universe. The end of all living, saving faith is knowledge. Faith is tentative, helps you to *scientia* at last—the outcome of faith, that for which faith was given. Faith in this realm furnishes, that is, the "working hypothesis."

I have therefore decided in these Lectures to ask you to let your thought play about the subject of Personality. It will, in the ages coming, be a subject of scientific investigation. It is, I need scarcely say, not such a subject yet, and nevertheless it lies at the basis of all Science. Unless there be an "I" to know, there can be no knowledge.

Of course I am aware that "metaphysics," as it is called, studies and has studied the ego. But I am using the word "science" here in its strict meaning—the gathering and coördinating of ascertained, visible, hearable, or tangible facts. In that sense Science has declined, so far, to deal with the "I"—much to my surprise, and your surprise, if you will consider all that the neglect implies. But, as I say again, Science is yet in the germ, and will develop into somewhat really vital

as man develops and becomes more a man and more an "I."

My line is the humble one of suggesting. I have no theory. I have no science myself. I am not anxious to have you agree with me. I am desirous to set you thinking. To think is itself an end, and a great one. To think on high things is a noble end and a sufficient, whether or not you come to a logical, formulated conclusion.

Indeed, logical, formulated, walled-in, and finished conclusions on the essentials of things are sure to be false. They are only true in the counting and arranging and measuring of the outward relations of things.

For instance, you can weigh an alleged ton of coal, and come to an unerring logical and mathematical conclusion that eighteen hundred pounds is *not* a ton, although you may have paid for a ton!

But you cannot weigh a spiritual or even an intellectual force, and decide how many foot-pounds of such energy were exhausted by the dealer in cheating you out of those two hundred pounds of coal!

To say what I have to say on this subject of Personality, I make my starting-point one of the

most illogical and, to the lower intelligence (the psyche of St. Paul, the invisible part we share with our dogs and horses), the most mysterious of all the incidents in the Old Testament. It appeals entirely to the pneuma, as you will see—the spiritual understanding; that which differentiates man. You cannot bring to its full understanding the psychical intelligence at all, which is nevertheless so imperative—that intelligence which the horse exercises when he goes to the watering-trough, and man exercises when he decides that one thousand dollars at ten percent. per annum is just as profitable, as an investment, as two thousand dollars at five percent. per annum, supposing the security be equally good.

The incident is outside all that, though all that lay near it, as it always does—in this case very close.

It is in the realm of the pneuma; deals with pneumata, "I's," personalities; and is discerned only in the realm of realities—the kingdom spiritual.

The incident is wholly mysterious—dark with the night and the desert silences, awful with the loneliness of the midnight stars and the empty world, burst into at the last with the red shafts of the dawn.

But the mystery throws no shadow upon the

central fact. Two "I's" are here, two "thou's," two persons.

They are at grips with each other. Each clasps, holds, strains, questions the other. There is the sense that each has a hold upon the other. The hold may be for good or for ill. But it is a wrestling hold; contains the power to question, and to lame or to bless.

One of the wrestlers we know. He is just a man, and by no means a noble or a strong man. His life has been a mean, tricky life from the beginning. He cheats his father, old and blind; he turns deaf ears to the cry of his starving brother for food. He has it, but refuses to share it save at the price he may wring from utmost need. And the brother is his twin brother, and he has already cheated him out of his father's blessing.

The man has fled from the face of the angry brother—am I wrong in saying the righteously indignant brother? All times are alike to men, since men are found the same in all times. And to take advantage of a brother's need, to traffic in his want and hunger, to forestall the market and make one's self rich out of his misery, to play upon his simplicity and trust, even play upon his weakness and his sins, is as old as brotherhood, you see.

There is nothing of this sort in our dealings in produce exchange or coal market that was not at work in this man—the supplanter.

He had bad blood in him. The law of heredity is tyrannous. He had been taught his trickery by his mother, who came by it legitimately. It is bad enough to be taught ill by one's father—to inherit evil from him. Greatly worse is it to inherit wickedness from, or be taught wickedness by, one's mother!

The serene, stately, dreamy desert prince Isaac, who walked abroad in the splendid eventides of the Orient to muse in the meadows alone, was true son of his princely father. But this wrestling, straining man, caught at last in his own evil nets, owed it to the bad strain from his beautiful mother's Mesopotamian kindred.

Nay, Science does not teach us anything that we do not read on the pages of these old *Biblia*, these books which the spiritual consciousness of the ancient children of God selected, and by that consciousness canonized, and held, by whomsoever written, edited, or revised within her, as sacred and inspired upon God's nature and man's, and the ethical relations between these two.

Evil fruit from evil seed always! Wrong work-

ing out further wrong! Bad children from bad fathers! The terrible persistence of the evil thing done, and the glorious blessing of the thing well done! The awful abiding of the *fact*, and the fruitfulness thereof forevermore!

From the face of the brother the prescient mother sent her favorite to her own kin. Somehow it always goes so. It is the ethical law. The liar goes to liars, the trickster finds himself among tricksters, the knave among knaves. One goes to his own place in this world. Shall he not go to his own place in all worlds? Even Judas has friends somewhere and finds society. He goes "to his own place."

Yet even to such an one as Jacob come, in the loneliness of the night, the visions that tell him of a loftier life and a higher order.[1] Wheresoever he comes into nature and her silences the upper realm breaks on this man strangely. "Strangely," do I say? Is it not the rule? Alone on the mountain summit, alone with the stars, alone with the sea, what does the soul not utterly gone to the other side care for flocks and herds, for stocks or bonds or bank-accounts, so only he sees once that the real eternal home lies above, and one must

[1] Gen. xxviii. 10–15.

climb, not crawl, and the long, strange ascent must be toward the everlasting light!

So what we call "nature"—which is God's expression of Himself to His child while man stays His child—calls him to worship, and in her vast aisles and naves, which we but poorly imitate in our noblest architecture, lifts him to the splendor of what lies above all summits, and the worship that chants its liturgies beyond the gold-and-purple rood-screens of all earthly dawns, where he makes the snow-crags his altars.

God walks the mountains. God dwells in the thick darkness. God speaks in the thunder, in the roar of the cataract, in league-long breakers thundering on the shore. One meets His footsteps on the loneliness of the illimitable sea, comes near Him in the vast silences of desolate lands.

The grand nature-liturgy of the old Hebrew books is reverent as it is true, fearless as it is spiritual. It is chanted from Moses to David, from David to the prophets. They all have caught the stately rhythm of the worship of the living God, who is present, ruling, working, revealing Himself in star and flower and little bird, in avalanche and ice summits, in the little rivulet singing

low through the clover, in the roar of the cataract plunging from the steep.

So it came even to this man, who still remained, notwithstanding his sin, a child of Abraham, to see his vision in the desert as he fled to Padan-aram. But in the vision he saw only what he was able to see. It is thus always. The divinest vision reveals what the seer is capable of seeing. In the ladder let down from heaven, in the angels ascending and descending, he sees only what he is capable of seeing, hears only what he is capable of hearing.

The ladder, you will observe, suggests no climbing for him. The voice of the Lord from the summit has no call to a nobler life. That life has run on low levels thus far, and still, even from opened heaven, this man hears only of flocks and herds and increase and an earthly success.

And still, even so, it was much. There was a world higher than this. There was a God who could bless, and from whom one could seek good things, and who loved to give them. He was good, at least to some men, and would give them many good things and keep old promises, for He was true and righteous—so only men served and loved Him. There were steps up to Him, and messengers to come and go.

There are profound lessons in that first desert vision, though I cannot dwell upon them here.

One of them is that God necessarily meets men on the levels where they stand; that to raise them He stoops—must finally stoop to Gethsemane and the cross, indeed; and also that, with heaven opened, they have eyes to see only what they *can* see, and ears to hear only what they *can* hear.

The man rises in the morning and tries to make a bargain with Him whom he has seen in the vision. It is a pledge of so much offering and so much service for so many sheep and oxen, kine and camels. It reveals the spiritual nature at its lowest. Still it is a spiritual nature, and believes in a spiritual world above sheep and oxen.

And the man goes on his journey, and it fares with him according to the vicissitudes of an entirely earthly life.

The life for twenty years thereafter was lived on exceedingly low levels. It was a war of wits between himself and his uncle Laban; and the wives he married seem to have been true daughters of their father, and thoroughly fit for the husband.

One does not wonder that the elder brother, impetuous, imperious, princely, preferred the daughters of Heth, the princesses of the desert, to

these scheming relatives of his, who could help the husband to cheat the father, and in their elopement should even rob the poor old semi-idolater of his ancestral images—fetishes, teraphim, whatever they were—on which he thought his luck depended.

It could not be that the beautiful Rachel stole them and lied about them because she put much faith in their power herself, after seeing how poorly they had served her father against the schemes of her husband. It is sad to think they must have been of silver (there was no gold in circulation in those days—no question of "bimetallism"), and that she stole them for their intrinsic value.

It is not at all, you will say, an edifying story; and certainly the family arrangements and the shrewd trickery of Padan-aram hold no example to you or me. But they hold *this*. Critics tell us to throw away these old *Biblia* because they are clearly not of God, in that they relate such doings by people asserted to be under God's special charge and benediction; that, indeed, they are *immoral* in such assertion, and unfit to be supposed the revelation of a righteous God.

I confess the strength of a part of the objection

from the standpoint of merely literary criticism, lower or higher.

Of course the *Biblia*—the collection of books—history, poetry (dramatic, idyllic, lyric, epic), law, ritual, folk-lore, prophesy—may be, and I, for one, frankly concede ought to be, from one side, treated simply as literature and nothing else—a collection of ancient books. Only one must not carry into them the ethics and opinions of this century, and criticize them on those grounds. That is not literary criticism at all. We must understand that the literary critic must remain content with his chosen occupation. He has nothing whatever to do with the ethics, the manners, or the opinions of the book he criticizes. He deals with it simply as a piece of written matter about whose age, authorship, and literary style alone he is concerned.

I think you will concede that this is not a very lofty, though it may be a necessary and very useful, business. Take an illustration. A critic who would spend his time on minute examination of the letters and words of Shakespeare's dramas, and who might even finally reach the conclusion that former editors were all wrong in the arrangement of the dramas, and that "Hamlet" was written before "Timon," and that "rare Ben Jonson" redacted

"King Lear"—that, indeed, Shakespeare did not write "Lear," "Macbeth," or "The Tempest" at all, but another man of the same name did—might be a very useful man, and, in his own opinion, imagine he had done the world service; but just as a bit of common sense and general usefulness, we would hardly call him a high critic, much less a "higher" critic than the man who taught all readers and lovers of the mass of literature we call "Shakespeare" to find subtler meanings, deeper philosophies, profounder insight into man and nature and the nature of the Lord of them both, than they had ever before seen or even suspected.

It abides with me as one of the queer, topsy-turvy puzzles that crop up outside the country of the Sphinx, that the term "Higher Criticism" should have been arrogated for themselves and conceded by others to gentlemen whose business upon a body of ancient literature begins and ends with criticizing its words and letters, and deriving thence its supposed dates and origins, and who have never set themselves by one flash of intelligence to deal with its meaning and its purpose! And this literature, mind, the unspeakably most influential, formative, commanding, and controlling literature known since time began!

I concede the usefulness of the alphabet critics; but why call them "higher critics"? Thomas à Kempis was a higher critic than all of them put together!

But to turn to the objection that these things are not of God because our higher sense condemns the actions related.

You ask, "Is Genesis inspired?" I should answer you, "Yes! Inspired! Profoundly inspired! Inspired as long as the world lasts!"

Does anybody say "invented, forged"? I ask, "Where is the inventor or forger so much an imbecile as to write out the story of this man Jacob —to go no further—and then to seriously dare tell us that this poor creature was 'chosen of God'?"

Suppose the story of Jacob and his father and grandfather an epic, invented by a poet, a sagaman, a scribe idealizing. Can you imagine such inventor writing out Jacob? You have examples in all literature, from Gautama Buddh to Tennyson's Arthur. Try Homer, try Virgil, try Milton's Satan, if you wish; can you find any sane inventor setting out his hero in such phrase and guise as Moses (or some other man of the same name) sets out Jacob?

Can you imagine any critic, from Celsus to Vol-

taire, who would propose to write you down their own lives—even their own lives most loftily idealized—as a permanent book of human ethics in the way Moses, or the other man, writes the story of the man whom God says He "loved"?

When your metaphysician, your philosopher, your scientist, your poet, your autobiographist, your historian, your dramatist, from Shakespeare down, gives you a hero, do they not all tell you what they think a man, a hero, a father of humanity ought, in their conception, to be—not at all what he is?

The only book that ever dared to write down men, heroes, demigods, beginners of races, fathers of ages, "friends of God" just as they were and as they are is the one book and the sole book of epic and drama true to God, because it is true to man—these *Biblia*.

The life of George Washington is a myth as it is read to-day. The life of Abraham Lincoln is fast becoming a myth. No historian has dared to tell us, or ever will dare to tell us, the real story of these two lives.

The life of Napoleon Bonaparte is getting itself republished, with the republication advertised in all the papers, as a new and more rational form

of the Napoleonic myth, which it is proposed to impose on civilized consciousness in lieu of the "Sunday-school teacher and member of the Young Men's Christian Association" myth which Dr. Abbott wrote out, when I was younger, in *Harper's Magazine*, to the fatal misleading of the mind of one generation in the United States.

I mean to say no writer of the life of Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Jefferson, Bonaparte, or Wellington would dare to write the true life of any one of them, as this *Biblia* writes out the life of Abraham, Jacob, Moses, or David.

Therefore *they* are human, and therefore false. They are not inspired. An inspired story is the only true story ever written, or ever capable of being written, because written from the overworld of *fact*—just plain, bald, shameless, sometimes horrible fact. Every mere *un*-inspired writer, infidel or believer, pagan or Christian, feels it bounden on him to deny or pass over *facts*.

There is no man who would dare to put in print the life of any man, or his own life, as this most inexorable writer writes down the life of Jacob and other people, under the cold mercilessness of *fact*, which is just *revelation*—fact, the thing that is, relieved from your poor beclouded conceptions of

what you think the fact ought to be, or even now might be, if eternal God would only take your advice!

Secular history is a collection of myths. We can see that in our own experience. There is not a man who has passed from our land during even the last half-century whose real life exists in any history.

As soon as even a small member of our Congress is dead, his fellow-members hold a session over him, and a half-dozen gentlemen elocutionize about him and formulate a *mythus officialis!* Of course, being a small person, the myth-faith extends only, as a rule, to his wife and children; and they, in spite of their own knowledge that he was small—very small indeed—accept and are delighted with the myth, and make it a part of their household worship.

That is the way myths are made. In fact, as far as my personal experience and knowledge go, I should say that, by account of writers and biographers, gentlemen whom I have known—and some of them intimately—have never existed on this earth at all; and that those I thought I knew best were shadowy ghosts waving white arms on misty mountain summits in some far land to which

no man has ever gone, and from which (it might be inferred) no man has ever come.

The only hard, practical, unmythical history or biography in all literature is contained in these old *Biblia* the church holds "inspired."

So the hero Jacob has all his life told out no concealment, no reticence, no invented or stolen pretty story like that about George Washington and his hatchet; no glossing over of his sins or his family's sins.

At this time he is on his way returning to his own land under what he chooses to consider the commandment of God.

It is not in his day only that men think their own desires, or what looks like their own profit, is the commandment of God!

Numbers of us, and, curiously, the more pious of us, always are apt to hold our own decisions for the commandment of God. Especially when we have prayed over the matter, and asked for light, we are very sure we have that commandment!

I was once consulted by a gentleman who was greatly troubled in his mind, almost to the brink of black doubt, because in a change he meant to make in his business he had made the subject a matter, as he told me, of earnest prayer, and he

was clear, after that, that it was God's will that he make the change, and behold, the change had resulted in the loss of half his fortune! He was very much annoyed about it—even somewhat indignant with God about it!

I suggested that the Lord had left him, in all that kind of action, to decide for himself, having given him presumable sense, and allowed him a tolerable education and some experience in his special business; and that if I were in his place I would not be angry with the Almighty because He declined to go into the wholesale grocery business with me for money in another part of the country.

I have no doubt of this man Jacob's sincerity. That is all the record vouches for. He believed he was commanded, and therefore, as far as he was concerned, having a conscience illuminated up to its capacities, he *was* commanded to return to his kindred and his father's house. But he has some lessons to learn, which will split that very poor conscience wider open before he is much older. Esau, the wronged brother, has to be met and settled with somehow. Every wrong done has to be settled at the last!

So, as he approaches the border of the land to-

ward which he travels, he sends messengers to the brother. The brother has prospered, in his way, too. Those outside "the covenant" prosper, as this world goes, observe, as well as those inside. The elder brother has taken his own line, and he is what we would call now a Bedouin chief and a man of considerable consequence. He can march at the head of four hundred armed men! A very important brother if one have played the knave with him!

He had chosen his course also; the man of the fields, the desert, and the mountains; the hunter, the warrior, the desert prince—driven from home by the mother who could not understand and never loved her strong, rude, but tender elder son, with the old fiery Abrahamic blood in him—he too had prospered, and he was coming to meet the brother who had cheated him and mocked his father's blindness and age.

Angry? I should think so! The desert prince comes to meet the fawning, intriguing, smooth-tongued brother who had chosen flocks and herds instead of honor and manliness, and had cheated him out of his highest, if only his ideal, possession.

So Jacob prays again; thanks God for his suc-

cess: "With my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands"—makes God, that is, the partner in all his knavery with Laban, and thanks Him that He has helped his trickery to a great fortune!

Is it all passed away? I think I have heard gentlemen thanking God for the success already attained, and praying for further success—pious gentlemen, who paid tithes even—and who honestly believed that they and their knavish ways were under direct protection and direction of Almighty God because they decorously attended church and paid their pew-rents.

The Old Testament is still a part of the revelation—an essential part. We cannot dispense with it, even if Moses did *not* write this particular book, nor Isaiah that special chapter. It is such a particularly close, practical, revealing book! Such a true-to-man book, and therefore such a true-to-God book!

The character of the younger son of Isaac remains such a genuine character, for four thousand years, of religious people, and of prosperous men "chosen of God," that, having been true for so many centuries, and nobody disputing the fact that it is true now, I am, as it were, obliged to be-

lieve that no popular novel-writer in an illustrated magazine of ancient Syria could have invented it! There is no human experience that makes such *writers* possible. All human experience makes the *character* possible, permanent, familiar, and all alive with us now.

The man's arrangements to meet his wronged and outraged brother are entirely natural from his character. He sends "presents" before him. The desert free-lances are always hungry. They have been hungry for four thousand years! The sheep and cattle will appease him. Three cattle-droves with herdsmen, all to repeat the same abject lie, "A present for my lord Esau, from his servant Jacob," are to meet the chief and his hungry horde. The capitalist Jacob offers that kind of blackmail which capital, in its supreme need, will always abjectly pay to dinnerless force. The world is a very young world after all—in its babyhood, I think. We have scarce advanced in very vital things for forty centuries.

The capitalist was a coward—we say still that "capital is timid." The capitalist himself is timid, fearful, cowardly. Several of them have voluntarily exiled themselves in these last years from our own peaceful, happy, and prosperous land.

When blackmail must be paid it is a very shaking time for the capitalist, and this man of ours is scared. He is worse—he is an abject coward. He sends his presents before him, then his cattle and servants, then his wives and children.

The story is a very pitiful one. The whole conduct of the man is unmanly, fawning, mean, and lying—the only kind of bearing which wealth in the last battle can oppose to force. It is all very low.

When all had passed over the ford of the brook Jabbok, this man remained alone, far from the danger before him.

The night was one of fear and trembling. "Jacob was left alone." His cowardice compelled him to be alone. Once again in the silences, once more under the watching stars! The old memories come back to him: the tent of his father; the sports of his boyhood, the face of the brother he had loved and with whom he had shared them; his beautiful mother's eyes upon them both; his stately father's presence, serene always, and always princely, whom now, tottering under his century of wintry years, he is soon to meet. He and the brother he had wronged alone left to close the eyes of the blind chieftain of their

race, and they, wronger and wronged! They two alone in all the world of the legitimate seed of the great prince and sage—"the friend of God."

It was an hour of heart-searching for this man. Flocks, herds, servants, family—all his wealth might have already vanished before the wild children of the waste and their fierce lord, for aught he knew, and he left, as when he fled a score of years before.

Conscience comes to close quarters with a man at such a time. Jacob's conscience, you may be sure, was busy with him. In the few strong strokes which paint the scene this lies outlined. The worth of his life, its hard, uncompromising reality, comes to him. He takes stock of himself. It is in such supreme moments that a man is compelled to weigh his own worth and the worth of his life. In the dark of the world he *sees*, in the silence of the loneliness he *hears*.

But a man, in the hour that shakes his soul to its center, has not alone his own conscience to deal with. "God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." Settle with myself as I may, how shall I settle with another? There is immanent in conscience another Man, a strange Man, not myself, not any other man I ever knew;

awful, singular, lonely, and yet persistently near. I must also settle with *Him!*

"What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" cried Pilate, in mortal terror, ages after this. "What shall I do with this strange Man, who comes and goes about me and about my fathers, who is the eternal measure and rule of righteousness? How stand I with Him, and what shall I say to Him?"

It is the mystic question heard on all the winds of Palestina, heard in all the solemn silences of time. This Man, immanent, present at any hour, shadowy in dreams, plain at Abraham's tent-door, forever ready to judge, forever ready to help! The eternal presence of this Man walks the hills of the world in these old *Biblia!*

And He is here on Peniel. "There wrestles a Man with him until the breaking of the day."

It is grim and awful to come to grips with this Man. But the lonely man is going to have it out once for all. The hour is a supreme hour. Here and henceforth it must be blessing or cursing.

"Let Me go, for the day breaketh," cries the Wrestler. Already the lances of the sun flash red upon the hills. The night-fears, and the wrestle of lonely self-examination, and the bitterness of si-

lence with one's own soul will fade into the cares and fears of the breaking day. "Let Me go."

The man must have grown wonderfully. He is changing fast. Already he is lame. The strange midnight Antagonist has touched him. He is branded, and shall stay branded all his life. Yet, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me!" "What is thy name?" Mark the question. A name describes. In old days they were always given to describe, to reveal character, to tell what the man, the animal, or the thing is in its utmost purpose and meaning. This man's name did reveal. His name rang true. "He said, Jacob"—supplanter, knave, defrauder, cheat!

And then clangs out to the rising dawn and the crimson spears of the hosts of the morning the blessing: "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel"—*prince of God!* Let the new day hear the new name. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

All the long night of the ages man has wrestled with the awful, eternal, omnipotent Man—wrestled undismayed, with straining limbs and palpitating muscles and throbbing heart, all the night of doubt and fear, of pain of memory and stings of conscience.

Lamed by the mighty touch, branded forever by the finger of the awful Wrestler they have dared to grasp; yet because He is a Man they have wrestled on, and behold, the cry tingles to the fleeing starlight of time, and peals in the vast halls of the abiding morning, "Thy name is prince of God"!

I am not going to attack, sneer at, or despise my own day. It is good enough for me and you —perhaps better than we deserve. But I should sneer at it and belittle it, and tell it to go about its wretched business and betake itself to the limbo of all things forgotten in any sane universe, if I believed it for one moment to be only what its current talk and writing makes it.

Man must have his Mahanaims, where the angels of God meet him. He must have his Peniels, where he meets God face to face and lives. He must have his nights of wrestling, and bear the brand of the awful touch burned into him body and soul, or he has not reached man's station in this world—the place God has prepared for him.

And mark: to get that—there is no vagueness about it—he must *tell his name.* The small personality, the finite individuality, has its own abid-

ing permanence, and must stand by itself, endure toil, weep and rejoice by itself.

The secret of the burden and sorrow of our years is that we must say "I."

No wonder the poor Buddhist prays for *Nirvana* —just to drop into the infinite ocean and be lost, and leave all oughts and responsibilities behind one forevermore!

But this terrible religion of the Old Testament and the New keeps on, as it has kept on for all these awful centuries of human story, insisting on the "I." "What is thy name?" What is thy meaning? What is thy character? What art thou doing? Naming men, individualizing men out of all combinations and associations, insisting on the individual, and demanding that the individual shall answer for himself.

I do not know in what personality consists. I am aware that many philosophers think they do know and could make their knowledge clear to me were it not for my own stupidity. I regret that stupidity profoundly. But it is not so great as to conceal from me this: that personality is the most wonderful and awful thing in this whole universe, as far as I can see; and that while I know as little about its essence as I do about the essence of any-

thing else, the personality, the I-ism, of the beggar is a loftier thing than Chimborazo, and a more beautiful and terrible thing than Niagara with all its thunder and its foam.

I know, too, that it is in the eclipse, in the hour of destiny and the dark, that the personality stands most sharply cut in white or black, and that the terrible "I" paints itself upon the heavens in glory or in shame.

For the world is an awful world after all. No man would ever have been fool enough to live in it, I think, if he had been given the choice.

It is a dreadful, just, far-searching, and testing world, where no tares will, under any supposition, produce wheat, and no thistles bear grapes.

And this, not because it is itself unchangeable—for it spins like a top through measureless space—but because there are "I's" upon it which are not of it, which amid its changes are changeless, amid its passings permanent, and amid its deaths immortal; and who, amid its harvests of a summer, sow and reap the sheaves of eternity!

And rising from all its voices, of the night or the busy day, of the moaning tides or the soughing forests, of the wind in the long prairie-grass or the roar of burning pine-woods, in the cry of

the panther watching on the bending bough or the song of the thrush in the thicket—from all voices of star and sea and woodland comes the question to this strange wayfarer whom none know, "What is thy name?" Nature presses him with his personality; torments him with it; allows him not for one moment to forget it while he wakes; profanes his very rest in sleep, and whispers or thunders in his dreams to scare: "Yes, thou art an 'I.' What is thy name?"

Well, we might even endure what we call nature! But there is no end. We ourselves cry to ourselves, "What is thy name?" And we are dimly conscious that there is somewhere and somehow a Power behind all powers, out of space, out of time, but immanent and abiding near by our side, who, at any hour of day or night, in blessing or in life-and-death wrestle, may demand, "What is thy name?" The consciousness of their relationship to the Powers unseen, gross as it may be among some, crude as it is among all, is a fact universal among all who say "I."

But that this Power is a Person, and this relationship so close that it takes the form of clasping hands and straining arms and laboring muscles in the wrestle for life and lifting, for princedom and

for crowning, which can come only in the dawning of a new day—this is the conviction which scorches the human wrestler with its touch of fire, brands him with the brand of the infinite and eternal Personality which declares him His own; in the doctrine of Divine Evolution, a prince and son of God!

LECTURE II.

PERSONALITY OF GOD.

Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after My name?
GEN. xxxii. 29.

LECTURE II.

PERSONALITY OF GOD.

THE prayer was natural. Jacob had given his own name. Why should he not know, also, the name of this strange Antagonist? That He was from beyond the world was clear. Some Power, some Existence from outside the common experience and life of men had been wrestling with him, had branded him, lamed him, at last blessed him, and made him a prince of God. That the Man was no man of his measure Jacob was sure without an answer.

For he calls the name of the place *Peniel*—"the face of God," the face of one of the Elohim he had looked upon and yet lived.

But what was His name? The inmost character, nature, and personality—what was that? That He was a Person there was no question. Jacob was sure of that. And he got no answer. Virtually it is, "How does My name concern thee? Why askest thou after *My* name?"

And this night's question has been the question of humanity always. Jacob spoke for all men and all times.

For in the night of the years, on the lonely plains of time, some Power, strange and awful, some gigantic Force with suggested human or celestial semblance, has been wrestling for good or ill with men.

In the long years of bitter struggle in which men have been straining toward the dawn, some Power beyond their own, beyond anything from the earth, has grasped them, dragged them, gripped them, to lame or to bless; and in the agony of the wrestle the passionate cry has tingled to the darkened skies, "Tell me, I pray Thee, Thy name."

Who is it that governs the earth and men, and conducts the processes of the years? For our strength avails not, nor our riches, nor our wisdom. Still the world is an awful place and our life has awful possibilities. Ruin waits upon the march of men, and ruin, many times, from the hands of brothers. Plan as we will, our plans go to wreck by the stroke of a Hand out of the darkness. Build as we will, and our towers and palaces are shivered by a blow from a Hand unseen. The mightiest growths of time in institutions, in laws, in constitu-

tions and social order, watched, guarded, buttressed by all care, crumble under a touch we know not whence—the touch of a Hand out of the thick darkness.

The sense of the mystery that inwraps the universe; of the ever-present mystery that clothes and masters human life; of the ever-brooding Power that dwells in the dark around us, closing us into our small span—small, though it be a span of centuries—the universal sense and conviction, which may verify itself by all experience till the instinct is confirmed by the calmness of a rational judgment, makes atheism impossible.

It is no longer a question of a Power that rules, do what we will, do what all men will.

Outside there in the dark lies Power. Power that whirls the generations onward as the cataract whirls the brown leaves in the rushing November spate—*that* all men, savage, civilized, ignorant or wise, feel to the marrow of their bones.

You may gather in one congress the statesman-like wisdom and controlling guidance of the earth, and the wisest-laid plan formulated and decided upon, every man present knows, and every thoughtful man besides knows, may be blown like a thistle-down upon the wind that rises and rushes onward

from the awful hills where the unseen Powers drive their chariots of the dark or the dawn.

"The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness." He charges the loftiest imaginable intelligence with folly. The old Hebrew speech carries the conviction of the ages.

No, it is not a question of a Power straining and wrestling with human nature from the beginning, and branding or blessing it. There has not been a race of men discovered yet that has made any question of such a Power. And we may be sure that the higher the race climbs, the farther its outlook over the loneliness, the more it will confess the insistence and persistence of this Power.

It is only in the effervescence of early youth, conceited with its discoveries and its rapid gains, that men have for one half-intoxicated hour dreamed that they could rule alone and gain the daybreak without the wrestle!

Such a wild hour came, and naturally very early —before the Flood—when there were giants upon the earth, and a whole new world lay open for the conquest of the race in its prime. God had turned them loose to conquer; and they conquered—those demigods of the elder day—in a way of whose

magnificence we can scarcely dream, I think, while we find the mighty ruins of their glory underlying our oldest civilizations. But the Power they had forgotten, in the long reaches of human life and human triumph, lay yet behind, and the unseen Forces burst upon the earth in its profoundest security, and "swept them all away." The story of the Flood has deeper meanings in it, I think, than any likely to emerge in the mere physical discussions about it—meanings which will yet flash, I doubt not, into light and leading, as truths abiding forever in an ethical world.

No, the question is not about the existence of the Power. It is about its nature and its meaning. "Tell me Thy name."

It is a present, living cry to-day in every living land of living men. It lies at the base of all questions, and is the first demand of all thinking. All philosophies, all religions, all governments and social life, all laws, all business among men, have their rise out of this demand—as old as man, as abiding as time, perhaps as eternal as eternity.

For it means, "Tell me the world's meaning; tell me mine own. Tell me life's purpose, and death's. Tell me what time is, and eternity; what

right is, and wrong; what truth is, and lies. Tell me what heaven is, and hell!"

For to know the Master of the universe, the Power that lies behind all power and that builds and destroys as it will, is to tell man all things, that he may give names like the Son of God.

It is no cry of curiosity only. It comes less from the intellect than from the heart. God pity the man who has only seen in it a question of philosophy for his study and his metaphysics! That men do so treat it is one of the most pitiable things I know in the story of human intelligence. It never has gotten an answer, put as a curious question, and it never will. "By searching canst thou find out God?"—by search of intellect, the same curious search that finds out the nature and gives the name to a beetle!

I say it is humanity's cry. But not out of its brain, not from its study. It is a cry, a passionate prayer, to the dark and the dawn, to the night on which the blood-red banners of the unknown day are even now advancing, from the knees, from the lamed and worn wrestler in the midnight mystery, half-dream, half-waking, of time—a pitiful cry and a prayer: "Tell me Thy name."

Art Thou good? Art Thou evil? Art Thou

neither? Art Thou good to-day, evil to-morrow? Blessest Thou by night, cursest Thou by day?

From the trampled battle-plain, where the dying moan and the dead look with blind eyes to a dumb heaven—"Tell me Thy name." From a city wrecked by fire, and gutters reeking with blood —"Tell me Thy name."

From cities rich and fair, where stately homes mock the splendors and the ease of the barbaric kings of old; where also the starving mother holds to her dying heart for warmth the freezing child, that shall be found dead there in the morning—"Tell me Thy name." From Christian cities where fifty thousand dollars a year is counted respectable poverty, and where men and women starve in hovels notwithstanding, and children grow up half human in noisome filth and hopeless misery, not man only, but the overlooking angels, with angelic tears, cry, "Tell me Thy name."

When the land waves yellow with its bending harvests, and the summer light sleeps golden in the orchards and the woodlands; when the happy homes of men stand thick over all the happy land, one answers the cry. It is a lovely world; the birds sing in the branches, the bees hum in the flowers, the white sails glimmer from light to dark

along the brimming river, the harvestman sings as he gathers in, the sun sinks from a happy day, the yellow moon throws up her golden shield upon the breast of a happy night—"Tell me Thy name."

The answer seems easy: "Thy name is goodness."

But look again. The floods are out! The harvests are whirled away! Down the flood rush the results of the summer's toil in mingled ruin of homes and barns and stacks, of beasts and cattle; and the valley is a desolation.

There is something still to come. The bodies of men and women and little children swirl down in the whirling flood. "Tell me Thy name *now*."

Oh, so many homes of men! So many happy homes of happy men! The shouts of children in the streets! The rose-grown cottage door! The stately mansion amid its gardens and its greenery! The cry of sailors in the ships! The clank of hammers and the hum of wheels! The cheerful faces in the sunny streets! The friendly words from lips of friends! The lighted windows in the gloaming! The music through the open doors! The happy moon and stars looking down on all! "Tell me Thy name."

Behold, the bells toll, the death-cart rumbles

through the silent streets, the diggers dig hasty graves! The cottage door, the palace door, wear crape. Under the brazen sunlight, under the pitiless moonlight, the pestilence is abroad, and Death reaps his awful harvest. "Tell me Thy name."

It is, I have said, an awful world, and a terrible life, take it at its best. A few days of shine, many days of gray clouds and rain. A little fairness of balmy mornings, many storms of lashing sleet and freezing hail. Out of the dark, into the dark again, and our poor little story is told, and the world of living men knows our names no more.

There is a possibility of what is called "optimism." That the possibility of the blackest "pessimism" lives beside it has overwhelming and shocking evidence in the self-destroyers, who seek by their own hands to escape the hell of this present life, at the risk of the hell of any other.

The years grow more serious as they go on. A boy dances along the road one morning gaily enough. How sweet a thing just to be alive! A man sits by a desolate hearth one night, and the eyes of the boy, his first-born and his pride, are closed forever on this earth in the room beyond. The leaping feet lie pale and still and ice-cold side by side. He has tried all human skill. He

has used all resources of knowledge and wealth. He is a man who believes in God, too, and he has prayed for the life that has gone. He has wrestled with God for it. You tell him he must submit. Of course he must! His pastor comes and tells him he *ought* to submit. Ah, that is quite another matter!

He is down among the grim things of life's utter loneliness—the old gaunt, gray, ancient questions which man has found ever new since his first child lay dead. Conventionalities count for little. Do you wonder he cries out in the night the old cry of humanity? The beggar's boy is living; the little barefoot gutter-snipe runs by his door. The ragged little wretches will throng to see the show when his son is carried out to-morrow. He is a reticent American—one of the race that "always grimly accepts the inevitable." His eyes are dry. He will sustain calmly to-morrow the drooping figure of his boy's mother in decorous fashion, as becomes him. He will return the day after to his office, and seat himself as usual at his business, and give no sign. But to-night and to-morrow night and many a lonely night thereafter the cry rings all the more terribly out of the dark of his silent and lonely wrestle, "Tell me Thy name." "What kind

of Power is it—good or bad, divine or diabolic—that has gotten me and my life in its pitiless grasp?"

But it is not merely loss of one's dearest, the sore pain and bitterness of life which comes from outside a man, even from his nearest.

The awful endowment of personality needs not for its profoundest, grimmest wrestling-pain any stroke from without.

A man sits alone with himself. He needs no coffined form of dearest child or tenderest wife or heart's close brother across the threshold. He is sufficient to himself when he enters the awful chambers of darkness, where his own past, his own present, his very self sit down beside him and question him.

God help the poor, starved, cowardly, aborted "I" who has not gone off alone, with the coffined dead of his own murdered resolutions, the living ghosts of his own sins and failures, and has not dared to look the ghastly dead and the ghastly living squarely in the face!

Where the "I" is strongest, where the "name" is answered to the call and question most emphatically, there only is the darkness darkest, and the awfulness most awful, in the wrestle that breaks the bones and blasts the sinews.

There have been men who have made repentances not to be repented of; men who have had opened to them in the lonely dark the lurid fires of God's and nature's and our own poor world's everlasting wrath against the base, the foul, the false!

Yes, there have been true repentances, true wrestlings with conscience and the eternal verities, "when the wickedness of a man's heels have compassed him about;" when not man's judgment, but eternal God's has blasted him; when he has cried in agony to the awful Power that gripped the heart of him, "Tell me Thy name."

Man's judgment, man's law, man's conventionalities, man's praise or blame—what are these with the Power that has strode out of the everlasting shadow where the realities hide, straining me in His terrible hands! My poor conceits, my wretched speculations about religion, my sentimental woes, and my childish whinings because God has not explained to my babyishness the mysteries of His universe—where are these, and what, when the smoky darkness of the awful night is lit only by lurid faces that grotesquely mock my own, and while the overshadowing Power holds me, accuses me of all I have been and all I am, and my own conscience records the accusation,

and the awful whisper moans out of the night, ἁμαρτημα αἰωνιον.

Possible? Yes, possible—"eternal sin."

To the soul who has gone through such wrestle, what wretched babble must much of our religious literature, and our preachings and supposed defenses of the faith, be!

Let us be thankful if we ourselves have not wrestled on the brink of eternal hells and looked into the rolling waves of eternal sorrow. But men have so wrestled, men are so wrestling now; and there is an awful grotesqueness in hearing your lily-handed, dilettante preacher gesticulate and elocutionize his charming platitudes melodiously—a boy, perhaps, who has never known a sorrow or a repentance—for the edification of men who have wrestled with the eternal Powers on the brink of the eternal fires, for life, for help, at cost of branded, limping body and limping soul, that they may escape[1] ἁμαρτημα αἰωνιον.

The answer to the cry in Jacob's case was, "Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after My name?" No reply came, no explanation. Has any man, to his intensest prayer, ever yet received an answer?

[1] Mark iii. 29.

Our library shelves are filled with a mass of so-called Natural Theology grown utterly meaningless.

The men who wrote on Natural Religion, and made Christianity a supplement or an extension, had clearly never wrestled.

They were dealing with questions of the intellect alone. There is, indeed, a Natural Theology in revelation. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth His handiwork." But the heavens declare and the firmament shows only to him who already believes in God, and that He has a glory and has a handiwork.

By no possible examination, by no closest study of what we call "nature" can the human intellect answer the prayer, "Tell me Thy name."

Is "the Power behind phenomena" a name? All men have acknowledged a Power behind phenomena. But is that Power's name Terror or Joy? Is it Wrath or Pity? Is it conscious of itself or not? Is it merely electricity? Has it any moral quality whatever? Has it a Personal Name?

And if our speculations on the phenomena of nature give us no answer, shall it profit us to turn to the metaphysicians—the human spiders who spin out of themselves those vast webs of words,

the words themselves used in arbitrary senses, which tangle up the intellect in a confusion like madness, each filmy thread promising to lead the searcher out of the tangle into light, while he creeps round and round an endless labyrinth of artificial phrase? The "ego" and the "non-ego," the "absolute" and the "related," the "unknowable" and the "conditioned"! Through what a maze have men groped since the vortices of Descartes even to our day, finding only words!

And what have they reached? The knowledge or the name of the Powers that wrestle with humanity? Is He one or many? Has He an independent existence at all? Is He conscious of Himself, if He be a self, or does He make Himself conscious only in His creation? Can we know Him, or does He even know Himself, except in us?

The wild insanity which makes men think the finite can define the Infinite, that the human intellect which does not understand what itself is can construct and define the Eternal, creeps even into theology that claims to be revealed, and puts down its shallow conclusions as eternal verities.

Take our First Article of the Thirty-nine. It undertakes to define God philosophically in poor

babbling speech; to give us the definition of His character and nature—reverently done, of course, by reverent Christian men; and yet see where it lands us: "He is without body, parts, or passions." That is merely, you see, the definition of what men think God *ought* to be, what they have decided He must be out of their own thinking. Go on! Take the Second Article, wherein God tells for Himself some little about Himself. This Being, "without body, parts, or passions," has a Son, "very God, of one substance with the Father," who *has* a body, even a human body, with all its passions, hunger, thirst, weakness, and who suffers "the passion" of death by crucifixion. That is God's account about Himself.

For unless He tell us His name we cannot find it. And from the first, as here with the wrestling Jacob, to know or hear His name we must get down and ask *Him;* ask Him praying, "Tell me, I *pray Thee*, Thy name."

We here are all agreed as to one name of this midnight Wrestler. We recognize Him across forty centuries by that name, and yet, strangely enough, it is a name no man has ever uttered, and of which no man knows the syllables.

There are, in various places of Old Testament

story, accounts of the appearance upon the scene, and always to deal with men, of a Man who speaks, acts as a man, and at the last by a sudden revelation and conviction (as was long after the case at Emmaus, when the two disciples recognized Him and He vanished out of their sight) is known to be God. He is so recognized by Israel: "I have seen God face to face." This Man appeared to Abraham as "he sat in his tent door in the heat of the day." Abraham talks with Him. He and two with Him eat with Abraham; and they walk forth together and talk of the awful woe that waits over the cities on the plain below, and Abraham pleads with Him, and calls Him by a name. Long after He appears to Moses in the flaming acacia-bush in the desert, and Moses asks His name. The name is a strange one—"I Am." Again, Moses begs to see the face of Him who gave the law in the mount. God covers him with His hand in a cleft of the rock. He sees Him only as His glory passes by; "for there shall no man see My face, and live." And yet afterward, by the walls of beleaguered Jericho, Joshua sees a Man standing "with His sword drawn in His hand." And Joshua goes to Him. "Art Thou for us, or for our adversaries?" "Nay," is the answer; "but as

Captain of the host of the Lord am I now come. . . . Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy"—just the warning to Moses before.

This Man, appearing, disappearing, speaking, warning, revealing, delivering, judging, is always recognized at last, worshiped, and called upon by a *name*.

No man can tell you the name. But wherever you find the word LORD in capital letters in our English version, that name stands in the Hebrew.

I say no man knows its sound. The Hebrew never uttered it. When he came to it he read another word, *Adonai*, which we translate "Lord." The other is the "incommunicable name"—the name especially peculiar and appropriate to the awful God. "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, . . . He hath declared Him." "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." "All things were made by Him." The mystic, unutterable four Hebrew consonants, whose vowels are lost, which no man has ever spoken, spake the name of the Man who talked with Abraham, wrestled with Jacob, gave the law through Moses, drew His sword by the walls of Jericho. Mark now—for that is the point of the argument

—He is a Person. He has a name. It seems the main point of the teaching, the purpose of all those Old Testament revelations, was to make men understand that God is a Person.

There shall be no abstraction set before them to worship under vague sign and symbol; no Being or mere expression of power or of justice, much less of wrath and fury. There shall be a definite conception of the Power invisible, as One, and as a Man, whatever else He is, with a drawing toward men, and a possible, even loving, communion with men. He shall appear as a Man, and give His messages as a Man, and walk in the garden in the cool of the day; and yet the trailing glory of His departure shall proclaim the Bearer of the unknown name "of the mystic letters four."

Yet in the religion thus illuminated, taught, and impressed there shall be no similitude. I dare to say it is unexplainable by any thinkable law of development. Why did not the children carve an image of the Man their fathers believed to be God, and set it up as a memorial? In the places of His appearing it is the rude stone-heap, the cairn or cromlech, or the anointed pillar which marks the memorial. But "make no similitude; take heed to yourselves"—"no likeness of anything in

heaven, or in earth, or in the water under the earth."

The Greek did it, and made his deities persons, but finite persons, with more power of hand and brain, but shameless of all passion and crime. The Egyptian believed in divine personality, and taught it in monstrous forms. The Hindu did the same, and in forms more monstrous and more bestial tried to realize the personality of the Powers spiritual.

One moves through these Egyptian, Assyrian, Hindu personalities divine as through a nightmare dream of hideous faces and bestial conceptions, in a madhouse universe.

The vague phantasms of the brain, Ormuzd or Ahriman; the formless, shapeless, shadowy Brahm of Eastern pantheism or Western dream; the Power that is no Power with any sense but what it finds in its own creatures—even these cloud-vanishing phantasms are a relief from the dog-headed, cat-headed, elephant-headed deities in which the nature-worshiper sought to express the personality of the invisible Powers.

Whence got the Hebrew Scriptures that bald and bold realism which personifies God as a Man, and yet never mistakes Him for a *mere* man? which gives Him human arms and hands and eyes and

heart, a house, a throne, a footstool, a crown and a scepter, a sword and a bow, and yet sternly forbids any likeness, any image, any imagined resemblance?

They go farther. They give the awful Power unseen every intellectual and moral trait possessed by man. He is loving, He is angry; He is wrathful, He is pitiful; He swears, and stands by His oath; He repents, and changes His decree; He is utterly human, only without sin. There is no more intense, individualized, clear-cut personality in all history or drama than this God of the Old Testament, with the incommunicable name.

The utmost stretch of human genius in the creation of character has never yet approached the vivid individuality and personality of this Person, marked in those old books by the name forever hidden in the "mystic letters four."[1]

There is a wonderful thing extant for some years now, born in Germany—in whose theological schools Christ and His gospel are still on trial, as if Pilate's court were a perpetually sitting tribunal—and imported free from tariff or duty into England and America, called by somebody—for what reason I know not—"the Higher Criticism."

[1] יהוה

One might ask, If this be higher criticism, what *is* lower criticism, and what the *very lowest* at last?

Well, it is all pure guesswork, let me say at once, and in its most characteristic development may be understood from a learned book published in this country, called "The Shakespeare Cipher," by a very able man; and also by a new and better "Shakespeare Cipher," published by a learned doctor of medicine, to show that the whole mass of poetry we call Shakespeare's was written by Francis Bacon to abuse Queen Elizabeth, and send her down branded to all time, because she refused to acknowledge him, Francis Bacon, as her son by a secret marriage with his father when she was only the princess, the "Lady Elizabeth"!

In these two cases the Shakespearian critics know the language in which the book was written. It is their mother-tongue. It was written three centuries ago. In the other case there is not a man living who could pronounce a speech in Hebrew so as to be understood by Isaiah or Daniel (supposing there ever was an Isaiah or a Daniel!).

It is a sad thing to be idle, especially in a land where there are only books, pipes, and beer, and where a paternal government presides over a man's

birth, education, religion, occupation, marriage, sickness, death, and finally his tombstone.

Turn him loose with the conception that all things—government, social order, politics, science, and the rest—are settled, untouchable even—indeed everything taken out of the arena of intelligent discussion except Christ and the Bible—and he must necessarily turn critic, and, if he has little to do, "higher critic."

The point I am desirous to emphasize is that this criticism, in the necessitudes of its conclusions, requires us to believe that a great many of the ideas, influences, and practices in the Old Testament came from Egypt, Chaldea, and Persia.

Of that, happily, you and I are just as able to judge as any critic; for it is not a thing of Hebrew consonants or masoretic vowels or accents, but of history and common sense.

Did the Hebrews, upon their return from captivity, reëdit or rewrite and reorder their sacred books under the influence of the Persian dualism? And do you so account for the final bitterness against all images, and the intensity of the monotheism thenceforward?

Well, I think you and I are quite competent to examine that, if we do not understand a word of

Hebrew. Ormuzd and Ahriman, the gods of eternal light and eternal dark, eternal good and eternal evil, are no more persons than the cloud that floats across the sky. They have not a single quality of personality. They are principles, whatever you may mean by that; names to express what the old Aryans believed they saw in life, time, the world, in the present and in the past; principles contending with each other, each now victor and now vanquished; but being Aryans, "children of light," having still retained enough of the old divine tradition to hold that men were on God's side and right's side and truth's side, and that the right would be master in the end, they stood by Ormuzd and exhorted men to do the same, and called their land Iran, "the land of light," and the Tartar world, the devil-serving world opposed to them, Turan, "the land of darkness."

They were our ancient cousins, and they believed in light, and taught their children to ride boldly, shoot straight, and tell the truth; and so let us honor their memory!

But from no notion of their vague principle Ormuzd can you derive the clear-cut, realistic Personality, the Man whose name is so awful that

you may say God (El), or gods (Elohim), but you must not utter His, for one syllable of it spoken out would rend the heavens!

Are we afraid of anthropomorphism? It is a long word, and long words ought to scare unlearned people. You will find the word a terrible one, and a sect-brand and heresy name in church story.

But I want you to notice that neither Old Testament nor New is in the least degree disturbed by what the word means. It is, after all, only a Greek compound; and our new dictionary-makers are putting such—thousands of them—into our dictionaries of English, so that the biggest English dictionary of this year will be supplemented next year by a new one advertised to contain "one thousand new words not to be found in any other dictionary." These additional words are all Greek compounds—or slang; and the English dictionary "up to date" contains about five complete and distinct languages; and yet there is one entire English language—even two—which has never yet been put into any dictionary, and this to my personal knowledge![1]

[1] The negro dialect of the South and the negro dialect of the writers of Southern stories.

Now man was made in the *image of God.* That means (real, profound, spiritual theologians will tell you) in the image of the Son of God, the second Person of the Trinity—such a transcendent and overwhelming Personality that He has two natures: the infinite and awful nature of God, and the poor finite nature of man, each in its utmost fullness and perfection; and yet both these natures make but one Person!

That is the Nicene Creed upon Personality. That is the immensity of what our poor little Anglicized Latin word "person" means at its highest. Heaven help our human stuttering! but that is the best we can do. "Tell me, I pray Thee, Thy name." It could not be told then. It is only half understood now.

Years after, a man of Jacob's family—a greater and a better man—was riding through the same land, but on another errand. He was son of Jacob's best-beloved, of the tribe of Benjamin, and his name was Saul.

He was on his way to Damascus to arrest and drag forth men and women charged with the crime of worshiping, in the way men called heresy, the God of their fathers. He was to bring them bound to Jerusalem to be tried by the sanhedrim.

And on the road he too meets the Wrestler. The contrast is remarkable. Jacob was left alone; Saul was surrounded with armed men. Jacob's meeting was in the night; Saul's was in the high noontide. Jacob's Antagonist appears mysteriously and silently out of the dark; Saul's smites him to the earth with one burst of overpowering light, and calls him by his name.

But Jacob's question and Saul's are the same: "Who art Thou, Lord?" Jacob got no answer because he could not understand the name. It was ages too early. Saul gets his promptly: "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

Jacob was lamed by the touch of the awful Wrestler. Saul was blinded. Jacob went limping over Peniel; went limping all his life; bore the brand of the wrestle. Saul went with those poor scalded eyes of his—his "thorn in the flesh"—all his days, when the scales of total blindness fell from them, and pitifully begs consideration from the Galatians when he has no amanuensis like Luke or Mark or Timothy: "See with how large letters I have written unto you with mine own hand;" the straggling, clumsy, uncial letters—like a child writing "large hand."

But the answer—"Jesus whom thou persecut-

est." Now Jesus is just the Greek, Latin, and English form for the Hebrew Joshua—"He who saves," or "God who delivers," or "God's Deliverer." And *now* He can be understood in part.

The awful Wrestler with the souls of men in midnight loneliness of the desert, or in burning noon on the world's crowded highways, wrestles to save. Our God is the Deliverer. If He wrestle and lame, He wrestles to make a prince of God out of a knavish Jacob. If He wrestle and overthrow and blind the man stricken amid trampling horse-hoofs to the sand, He smites to *save.* His name is Joshua; and Saul rises smitten blind, as his great ancestor was smitten lame, but an apostle henceforth, a selected prince in the kingdom of heaven!

We are slowly coming to see that the spiritual law in the natural world is that there is no advance save by wrestle and pain, by bloody sweat and groaning agony. So men have developed. So the lowest forms of life have risen to the higher. So nations have builded themselves and become "the chosen people," to do the chosen work, the princely work of God!

But this law is an eternal law in the world

spiritual, and therefore its manifestation in the world we call natural.

The development of the man Jacob into Israel, the prince of God, is by anguish, sorrow, bitter pain—Gethsemane's blood-drops; the blinding on the road to Damascus, the laming on Peniel. Because there is no development of the pneuma but by these and the bitter cross, so there is no development of the psyche but by toil and suffering. Nay, no development of even the soma, the mere body, but by the same.

One might, if he had ears to hear, write, I think, the most wonderful poem on the sorrows of the material world, whose groans God must hear as it struggles upward. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."[1] The spiritual law is an awful law when set to work in the natural. I do not wonder we have pessimists.

But the law is not the expression of blind force. The birth-pains and writhing agonies of the regeneration of a world are not the tyrannous inflictions of brute power or blind machinery.

Behind all, over all, in all, rules and reigns the

[1] The victory and the redemption of the pneuma must precede the deliverance of the psyche and soma. The struggle of the natural must continue until the victory in the spiritual world, according to St. Paul.

Person, the Humanity, in whose image we are made, and whom we can understand.

Even *that* He declared of old in every vision of every seer. He came appearing in the likeness of the nature He was to take unto Himself forever in the mystery of the incarnation, consummated nineteen hundred years ago that December night under the Syrian stars.

He had His name in all the old story; an awful, mysterious name, declaring eternal existence and eternal power; but a name, a Person.

Taking on the reality of human nature and making that a part of the infinite Personality, He takes a name all men can utter, and all men understand; a name near and dear to souls blinded, staggering, struggling, hard-bestead; a name of victorious hope; a triumph cry to the muster, the march, the battle, and the victory, for a world groaning and travailing to the birth of the new day—"I am the Deliverer."

And He proved the name His own! Let us lay our earthly fancies down. We are Christian people. There are things on which our earthly philosophies babble—the best of them. The world is a world of onwardness; a world where every to-morrow is better than to-day; a world struggling

up to the eternal daylight. That is our hope. It is more—it is our faith. We wrestle on. We will not let Him go till the blessing comes. And the faith weakens not, and the hope dims not, in all the sorrow of the burdened years, for we have now the name of the Man who is wrestling it into light. His name is JESUS; proved before our eyes in life and death. One far more than philosopher—though no philosopher greater—Sage and Seer of our own kindred, put our Christian thought in form for us all—the final proof to earthly sight of the name's truth. "I am Jesus," He cried, and

> "Those blessed feet
> Full eighteen hundred years ago
> Were nailed for our advantage
> On the bitter cross."

LECTURE III.

RESPONSIBILITY OF GOD.

I am the Lord, and there is none else, there is no God besides Me: I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me; that they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none besides Me. I am the Lord, and there is none else. I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these things. ISA. xlv. 5–7.

LECTURE III.

RESPONSIBILITY OF GOD.

GOD, as the books of the Bible represent Him, is One. That One is a Personality; but of such enormous personality that He is three Persons, and yet one God. There are those who stagger at this. I confess I cannot understand their mental condition. I am a poor little limited, finite existence; as far as anything I can see in this world, scarce a square inch in size or meaning. My poor little time is a few years between the eternal past and the eternal future; and a large number of those years are spent in unconsciousness, infancy, and childhood. A good share of the hours that are mine, when I really am conscious, are spent in unconsciousness. The night comes—an apparently arbitrary arrangement—and I am practically non-existent during many hours of the short period when I have some force of body and of mind.

And then comes the other dark again, and I am lost from all men's knowledge and memory as far as this life goes. Out of the dark, into the dark again. A few years between, of light and dark, of consciousness and unconsciousness, of doing and being tired of doing, the whirling spokes of light and dark spinning me on and away.

There are a few things I can do, millions of things I cannot do. Some few things I know or think I know; and if I am a writing or speaking man I try to write them or speak them, and succeed in some small measure. All the books ever written, all the speeches ever spoken, cannot contain the things I do *not* know; the things Plato and "broad-browed Verulam" did not know, much less the Parliament of Great Britain or the Congress of the United States!

I have seen great libraries—enormous provision of space for the collection of human knowledge. But you would be obliged to attach them all together—the Bodleian, the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Royale, the Astor, the Lenox, and, the grandest of them all for architectural dignity and spaciousness, the Public Library of Boston, and all the libraries of all the colleges in existence —to hold the books containing what the profes-

sors in all the colleges and universities in Europe and America do *not* know!

And yet, being only this, I have the dignity of personality! Am I to be startled, amazed, when I am told that the Power which makes, orders, and guides the universe is one God, and yet in that divine nature three personalities? If I were told there are a hundred or a thousand, I do not see why I should be at all staggered. When I apply my logic or my metaphysics to the infinite, I am as a beetle undertaking to lecture on astronomy. There is no common measure between the finite and the infinite. The infinite is not merely an infinite number of finites. Endless eternity is not an infinite number of days of twenty-four hours each.

There is but one possible point of touch between the finite and the infinite, and that point is ethical. There is no point common of power, of size, of extension, of force, of abidance, of knowledge. There is no point of comparison, no place or ground logical, where you can bring these two together, except the point of *moral obligation.*

And this moral obligation rests alone upon the fact of personality—no person, no obligation; no person, no responsibility. Mark it well, and it will save you from endless confusion.

There is no responsibility, no moral obligation in a cyclone; none whatever in a hurricane; none at all in the great sun over your heads; not the shadow of a moral responsibility in all the infinites and all the eternities.

Power behind phenomena expresses nothing but power if you leave it with that definition. As a being with moral responsibility, sense of duty and obligation, and conscience telling me "You must," I have a supreme contempt for all the infinites and all the unconditioneds, for sun, moon, stars, and all powers behind them; for I am far better than they, as the man is better than the brute. I have no reverence, and can get up none, and I certainly have not an atom of fear, for the power behind phenomena, unless that power can prove to me most unmistakably that it has sense, decency, some regard for right and truth, and, in fact, is using its faculties to do the best it can in its place.

Do not get scared, and do not abdicate your awful right of judgment in the face of mere brute force. It is man's prerogative to say, "This is right, this is wrong; this ought to be, this ought not to be;" and to say so at the mouth of a thousand bellowing cannon. And man has done it, and is doing it, and will keep straight on doing till he ends.

You cannot frighten us by your power behind phenomena, no matter how infinite and almighty that power is. I am a good deal better and bigger than that power, and pass judgment upon its performances, and praise or condemn them at my will, knowing that my judgments shall stand, and knowing that if the power behind phenomena is power only, I and my judgments shall still stand when phenomena and that sort of power behind them or in them have vanished into nothingness.

The power behind phenomena, to come into contact with men, must come as a person. There is that strange power in personalities that they can understand one another. And the essence of personality is moral responsibility. A person stands under obligation. It makes no difference whether he be a finite or an infinite person; he is under obligation; he is *bound* by law and duty.

Does it startle you to say that Almighty God is under obligation? Unless He is, you and I can have no spiritual relation with Him whatever; nay, not even an intelligent relation. We certainly can have no moral obligation toward any Being who has no moral obligation toward us. That is what makes the God of Calvinism, by His very definition, forever impossible. A Being whose

sole motive of action is His own good pleasure is a Being with whom we have no common bonds. The only feeling would be one of abject, unreasoning terror. For the brave and the true it might some day be imperative duty to defy and resist Him in spite of the terror.

But the God who wrestles with man, and wrestles with him as a Man, reveals Himself as a Person, and as such in relations and under names of relation; and relations carry responsibility. The unrelated can have no responsibility.

He is a Maker, and a maker is responsible for what he makes. A man cannot make a wheelbarrow without assuming the responsibility of seeing that it will work, and that in working it will do no harm to anybody.

God reveals Himself as a King. It is another name of relation, of duty and responsibility. A king must govern his people. He must suffer with his people. He must keep watch and ward for his kingdom's safety. He must govern firmly, righteously, helpfully, mercifully. He is bound by webs of moral bonds to those over whom he rules, as they are bound to him.

God reveals Himself as a Father. Surely there is a name of obligation and responsibility here! A

father—we all know a father's duties. And it is in such common household and familiar names that He tells men His character. A father must take care of his family; guard, shelter, feed, provide for, help his family, his children, his helpless ones.

Why are we afraid to take God at His word? Why shrink from the names He uses to reveal Himself? Why always fall back into the vagueness and inanity of our metaphysical irreverence —as if we thought God did not know Himself, and our spider-web words added somehow to His glory as Father and King?

Does He not know? Creator, King, Father, Householder, Shepherd, even Employer paying wages for a day's work—these are His chosen names; and these, you see, are all names of relation, and so of responsibility, obligation, and therefore of Personality.

Thus in a moral world we live moral beings, under a moral Lord and Government. The "Ought" rules over all, transcends all; reigns in the Personality of the Father and King.

It is an instinct with us to help the Almighty all we can. There is something in the fact that we are made in God's image that leads us, I suppose, to try to create even a universe, no matter how

fantastically. And facing the fact of a world full of evil, pain, and sin, we want to explain it all in some way to save God responsibility.

Now observe He does not thank us! He has no wish to shirk any part of the responsibility. He has made the universe, and He stands by the consequences, and asks not the help of your metaphysics to argue Him out of His responsibility, nor your sentimentalities or theologies to apologize for Him!

The Persian dualism was a philosophy to account for the existence of evil, and yet hold to a good God. For myself, I confess that as a mere working hypothesis, apart from revelation, explanatory of facts as they are, it is the only hypothesis I as a reasonable man could admit. It is plain, direct, deals with the facts, and puts man on the side he, as a moral being, should occupy.

But—the Almighty, the Personality with the awful name, declines, by the mouth of the prophet, to be relieved of His obligations as Creator!

In the summons to "Cyrus, His anointed, whose right hand I have holden," the prophet proclaims the Personality, the unity, and the responsibility, in the face of Zerdusht and his two Principles: "I am the Lord, and there is none else, there is no

God besides me. *I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil:* I the Lord do all these things." "Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour."

It is only, I take it, the same desire to shield the Almighty from responsibility—a very amiable if a very weak and superfluous desire—which prompts some good people to hold such notions as restorationism—that is, that evil men and devils will find another chance somewhere, in some other world of trial, and be all "saved," as they call it, sometime; and still other good people to hold that all the unconverted will just pass into an eternal sleep, and only the righteous be immortal.

I have no quarrel with the temper of these dreams; but they make no appeal to my intelligence, and rather seem impertinent. The eternal Wrestler can take sufficient care of His own reputation; and if He declares Himself responsible for the evils of this world, and makes no excuse, responsible for the pain, misery, torment, and wretchedness of *this* world—I cannot doubt but He will justify Himself in any world, as He justifies His ways here, more and more, to human faith and human reasonableness. At all events, my poor,

ignorant guesses are quite unnecessary, and perhaps, as apologies, impertinent.

The worship of a responsible God makes what some have called "the Scheme of Salvation" no "scheme" at all, but just the inevitable working of an inevitable law. As a "scheme" we know nothing about it. The Lord never revealed it as a logical scheme at all. He surely never taught men that "right views upon the Scheme of Salvation" were of any consequence.

The New Testament is just the blossom and fruit of the Old. God, being a responsible Father and King, must by inevitable law follow His own. The shepherd *must* go after the sheep which was lost. The father must meet the prodigal while he is yet far off. For the sheep is still the shepherd's; wheresoever it wanders, ownership is not changed. The son is still his father's son among the swine; not a whit less so than when the son wears the robe and the ring! Indeed, the title to wear the robe and sit at the feast was never forfeited at any time. It existed during all the swine-feeding; was promptly acknowledged the instant it was claimed!

For we are dealing with personalities. And personalities are permanent, and the relations between them are permanent also. Those connected with

a personality that is infinite are infinite relations—from eternity to eternity.

So the revelation has been that of a suffering God. I take it for too shallow an opinion of the atonement to suppose it a three-years' life of poverty and a cruel death that men might have their sins forgiven in any judicial or commercial method, and by the misery and death of One have a happy and blissful Mohammed's heaven for all eternity! We cannot take Caiaphas's doctrine of atonement.

Surely there was larger and more rational purpose in the fact that the divine Wrestler with the souls of men took their own nature upon Him and became one of them, or rather, in His infinite humanity, *all of them*, and before their eyes wrestled with the world's sufferings, and suffered with its sore pains, and was bruised and wounded with its death, and died!

If suffering be the worst thing, could He choose it? If the ignominious cross and the long agony be essential evil, could He choose them and call on those He loved to take the same cross and follow Him? How strangely blind and half-heathenish do we still remain!

Is it not the revelation of a toiling, striving,

suffering God? Let us get rid of the phantom our poor philosophies impose upon us still, the best of us. We weave a God out of our own inner consciousness, and then attribute to Him the character we would have were we omnipotent, and omnipotent as He!

In days when king meant autocrat, men imagined Him an irresponsible despot, doing things solely for His own gratification. Even what we have dared to call Christian theologies have given Him a character and motives which, did they belong to a man, all free, honorable men would condemn with one voice of detestation.

It is not the character He gives Himself. He chooses His own name. He is bound to, and is responsible for, and suffers with His own creation. There is a depth of awful meaning in those words, "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." The tragedy of Calvary was an exhibition in time and space, that men might know forever of what goes on in the abysses of the divine nature out of time and out of space.

We Christians confess that Jesus of Nazareth was and is the Son of God. Now He had the power and also the wisdom—both, we profess, infinite—to choose whatsoever life, being the Son of

Man, that He would. He chose the life we all know. There was no constraint upon Him from without. But He had, we profess, a purpose. There was, then, the constraint of a purpose—a purpose formed within Himself out of the conditions of His own nature.

It was an utterly unselfish purpose. On that, not only all Christians, but all unbelievers who read His earthly life, are alike agreed. All our pulpits inform us that His life is the one model life for men. Would any of them dare to gainsay that statement? Would any pulpit anywhere, under the name of Christian, dare to assert that the life of Jesus of Nazareth was *not* the loftiest life conceivable for a man—the noblest, bravest, manliest, kingliest life?

We all agree with the pulpits. It is very strange, considering the way we ourselves want to live, but we all do!

But Jesus of Nazareth was God. He revealed God in His inmost character. "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." So, then, that life related in the Gospels is God's life. I do not want to escape the conclusion. If I did, I fail to see how I can; I am walled in.

Does it occur to us how utterly contradictory to

our common conceptions of the divine nature that life is? how utterly contradictory—as just a plain, bald "not so"—that life is to many of our accepted and most orthodox (so called) theologies?

I confess I am but a child feeling my way—most pitifully helpless and blind. The gospel is, to this day, a hidden mystery in most part. Those words and common works of Jesus of Nazareth are far more inscrutable mysteries to me than all the miracles of Old Testament or New.

I cannot "stand agaze at Joshua's moon in Ajalon" when I read that "after supper He took a towel, and girded Himself," and washed their feet; and that He who did so declared, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?" "I am among you as he that serveth." "Whosoever will be greatest among you, let him be your servant." Dare you follow out these things to the plainly suggested end? Will you turn, as your theologies and pulpits at once do, and begin to hedge?

I confess frankly my terror at what seems to be the only possible meaning. I dare not formulate it. I believe, however, that it is the very heart of the Catholic faith—a faith which looms larger and

profounder as the years pass on; a faith as far beyond our complete understanding now as would have been the name Jesus to wrestling Jacob. But it is all there in that old Nicene Creed; and "the Church of the Future," of which we hear sometimes so much in very foolish talk, will just be a church large enough, holy enough, wise enough, to believe *all* there is in the Nicene Creed!

I just *dare*, and that only, to suggest it, and in a question: Does the Nicene Creed profess faith in a God who serves? Do the acts and words of our Lord Jesus Christ reveal a King who is the almighty and eternal and awful King—awfulest and highest—and who, because He is so, is the Servant of all? Did Jesus of Nazareth reveal not only a suffering God—we are all agreed on that, I suppose—but a responsible God, and therefore a *serving* God? "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet!" Think of it! If the highest place is the place of most obligation, of most service!

This is all with fear and trembling. But we are Nicene Christians here. We chant the faith of nineteen centuries; and it is a faith in Personalities and in facts concerning those Personalities. That creed rings round the world, on every land and

sea. Its abysmal depths of living meaning will never be sounded till the stars are old. But I ask again: "Does not the Nicene Creed speak of a *serving* God?" Is not the one God, in the three Personalities, doing something all through—making and serving His worlds?

I say I am but a trembling and ignorant child, creeping, I trust not irreverently—certainly humbly—along the edge of vast abysses—the ὁρατα και ἀορατα—the visible and invisible depths and heights which I believe our Father has made and keeps. But I know He does nothing save by the eternal and immutable law of His own personality—and I know fathers *serve*. It is the load upon all of us who are fathers. Do we complain? Do we cast off the weak? Do we deny the disobedient? Do we not bear our burdens and make no sign? Do we not still hold to the relationship, and knit the broken knots, and try to keep the jeweled bond around the family complete? Well, "I believe in God *the Father Almighty*."

But let us leave these heights and speak of men.

I say we are all agreed that the life of Jesus of Nazareth, which He declared revealed God—a thing neither the world nor the church can yet understand—is the divinely ideal life for men. The

acceptance of that conclusion is the sole rational basis for the existence of this church; for our being here together; for our bishops, priests, deacons, and laymen; for our baptisms, confirmations, and communions.

Well, that certainly was a life of service! The mysterious Wrestler from the beginning with men stepped out visibly and revealed the law. "The invisible Powers wrestle with men; have done so from the beginning, will do so to the end. They wrestle to serve and to deliver."

How coolly we put it all by—"Tell me Thy name"! "Why askest thou after *My* name?" Do you not see we are in no case to understand it? Because we can only hear what our ears have the power to hear.

We understand Jesus, Saviour, in a small degree, and for that let us be thankful! "We are in misery, in stress, in pain, in sin, and wandering, turned out of our Father's house, lost sheep and lost children; and He has come to save us out of our trouble." That is a great deal! Our prayers, but especially our modern hymns, are full of that. We are grateful, or say we are, that Christ suffered, so that I may not suffer—grateful that He saves me from what I deserve. I still agree with Caiaphas

that it is better another should suffer than that I should.

As it seems to me, that is about as far as we have ears to hear; as far as we can understand *the name.* But when we are asked to go on and accept the rest of the name—Saviour of all men—we do not understand; because our Lord came to reveal the *law* of salvation. For He was very plain about it: "He that saveth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for My sake and the gospel's shall find it."

For, as I take it, our Lord put little weight on the question of pain. It must have been to Him a very small thing indeed. He deliberately chose it, you see. I think that "church of the future," when it comes, will get away beyond our present ideas about saving from sorrow, labor, or trouble, as the end of the salvation of Christ.

Our Father in heaven must be full of labor and sorrow, of care and pain and the bitter sense of loss. His eye is never closed in rest. His hand is over all His works. He grieves over the sins and wrongs of His world. He has a vast realm to administer, and He takes care that a sparrow, even, is not wronged. Infinite pain in the infinite heart of God!

Now our labor and care and anxiety in this world are all spent and exhausted, as a rule, on the effort to save ourselves from pain. That is about as far as we have yet attained. We are in that respect just where poor Jacob was at the ford of the little Syrian Jabbok!

Moralists write about this; preachers preach about it; satirists laugh at it. We are loading ourselves down, and making our lives bitter, narrow, comfortless, and slavish, to save ourselves from pain. The sight, thoroughly seen and appreciated, is pitiable. Beings supposed to have sense actually loading themselves, and groaning as they crawl under their loads, lest they should have to carry those loads!

One of the two or three most enormously and absurdly rich men in the country—dead now, and enjoying a little rest, I hope—said to me once, "I envy you." "Envy *me?*" I asked. "Yes; you are a free man, your own master, and doing and saying helpful things to people every day; and I am like a blind horse in a bark-mill, tramping the same monotonous path round the safe that contains the deeds and securities."

In the kindness of my heart I offered to relieve him at once of some part of his trouble, and bear

his burden like a Christian brother, as St. Paul commands us.

I knew exactly where *five* millions would found a university to do enormous good and make his name a blessing forever; where another million would endow ten missionary bishoprics; where two millions more would build one creditable cathedral, and five millions another; and ten millions would be invested so as to relieve our Missionary Committee from the stress and anxiety they suffer; and then five millions more could be soundly invested so as to produce a respectable sum toward the instruction and Christianizing of our seven million negroes.

This would not have relieved him entirely—indeed, of only a fraction—of his load. He would still have been staggering under a burden which would crush *me.* You may be surprised, but it is nevertheless the fact, that he politely but peremptorily declined my kindly proposal, and groaned under it till the load crushed him, and left it, just as heavy, for his son to sweat under till he too is dead!

I sometimes think that nothing must so bring sorrow and pity to the sorrowful and pitiful heart of God as the sight of men like my friend, who

load themselves down with such back-breaking and heart-crushing loads, and obstinately refuse help from heaven or earth!

And then the idiocy of it. For they are undergoing all this to escape a possible pain! They are toiling to escape toil! They are doing slaves' work to keep themselves free! And lo! the end comes, and their lives have had no more outcome and less enjoyment than the lives of their own grooms!

That God, with all His pity and tenderness, should worry Himself much over the labors and sorrows of millionaires is too much to expect, when there are so many ways open by which they can cease to be millionaires. "How hardly does a rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven!"

But the pain and toil of men to escape pain and toil are always tragical. And the conventional gospel that our Lord came to proclaim, as the greatest of all good news—that He was going to save them from all trouble by taking all trouble upon Himself—has not resulted yet in any great lessening of the sum of human anguish.

The conception of God as a Being supremely happy and supremely self-pleasing, who one day, out of the kindness of His heart, determined to take charge of some few, at least, of a wretched

race, and save them all inconvenience and give them an eternal "good time," with nothing to do and everything to get, has become an unthinkable conception, I take it, to most thinking people. Nevertheless it is the conception, in some more or less modified form, which rules and commands acceptance in most pulpits, Protestant and Roman Catholic.

Suppose we rise to the other conception—that this world is a world of stress and strain, of bitter sorrow and stinging pain, of heavy, groaning loads, of aching hearts and broken backs; that our Father made it so because, being the world He wanted in His wisdom and for His purposes, He must make it so by the necessities of His purpose.

Suppose its pains are "growing-pains." It must be wrestled with to get it up to princedom. The wrestle is long. The night is long—ages long, as men count ages! And in the wrestle the awful Wrestler Himself touches and *lames*.

But the Maker of the world is responsible for His world! He too has no "happy time" with it, I think. He too is wrestling the long night through. And to teach men that "happiness is" *not* "our being's end and aim," He reveals His own character by actually coming to live this life.

Not to shun pain in it, but cheerfully, freely, gladly to accept it *as the law.* "Our being's end and aim" is to get up, to climb higher, to ascend, by any path, no matter how toilsome. Our salvation is not deliverance from pain, but deliverance from halfness, low-downness. Our salvation is to be *raised.* "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto Me." He *was* "lifted up," but upon a cross!

Let us disabuse our minds of pagan ideas. Our God does not "lie beside His nectar, careless of mankind," like the gods of Greek Olympus. As to the gods of German metaphysics, I personally know nothing; nor does any living man—or dead one either, for that matter. The only God I know, the only God that any sane man can know, I think, is Jesus, who was born in Bethlehem, and was in stress and strain all His earthly life!

He is a wrestling God. He does not seem to have cared to be "happy." He does not seem to have thought that idleness, wealth, freedom from care, rich food, fine houses, fine clothing, the regard or reverence of men, were at all desirable or necessary. Let us not destroy the force of this, and lose the gospel, by the poor theological conclusion that He lived this sort of life as an excep-

tional, temporary thing for a few days, all the time anxious to have it over and get out of it, so that He could have a happy time again!

Can eternal God live a temporary life? Can He play a character in a stage-play? Pardon me. But we must be reverent; we must be honest. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever"—there is no dramatic exhibition for a few years suggested *there!*

I am not concerned to "reconcile" all this with the imaginations of the metaphysicians. I have only to call your attention to the fact that God reveals Himself as a wrestling God from Genesis to Revelation.

There is even a suggestion that He is worn with the strain: "Let Me go, for the day breaketh."

But He owes a blessing, and acknowledges the debt and the power of the sorely tried and lamed world upon Him: "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." A wrestling God in a wrestling world!

And so I think we have the meaning of the world and our own. We are poor and very far down yet. One is tempted to use the almost threadbare words of our "working hypothesis" development here. They will fit in very well, if

you will try the experiment, with the soundest Nicene orthodoxy.

We can surely not dream that any of us are living Christian lives—I mean by the measure our Lord revealed. Our comfortable lives, or our lives which we are straining all our faculties to make comfortable—it is all the same—are these Christ-like? Surely we are semi-developed Christians!

Take any of our congregations on a Sunday morning, from bishop or rector through all the pews. How many have the most shadowy likeness to the idea of Christ? Is not the idea of every man and woman—I will not say of every child, for "of such is the kingdom of heaven"—that the important business for which they are put into the world is to make themselves comfortable, and shun, as far as possible, all trouble and all pain? And if they are especially pious and devout, will they not plead with God to help them do this?

I am not speaking of mere respectable animal men, nor of the pitiable and pitiful women whose personality and responsibility begin and end with what is called "Society"; I am speaking of men with ideas, and of women who have brains under their bonnets, and good hearts under the revers of

their jackets, and some true faith in God and duty. Is not the idea this: that the religion of Christ is meant to comfort and help them out of or under any trouble or pain they may have; that they are right to try to have as little as possible; and that God, who has infinite hoards of happiness which He does not need, ought to be worshiped and prayed to for the sufficient supply they need in sickness, sorrow, loss, or death?

Now consider. Jesus Christ was not the exceptional Man. It is you and I that are exceptional. We are the oddities, He is normal. He consequently reveals law; and, being God and Man in one Person, He reveals eternal law—that is, the law of God's nature, which is the law for this world, and for every possible and conceivable world.

And that law clearly revealed is that comfort is not the highest aim here or anywhere for a man, nor for a divine Man; that salvation is not deliverance from pain here nor anywhere; that salvation is victory—by no matter what toil and bitterness endured; that man, God's child, made in the image of God, is not a pain-fearing being, but a wrestling and a conquering being; that his business is to get up—to become a prince, to have power with God and men, and to prevail, though he may

be lamed, crippled, in the process; that the strain, wrestle, laboring of congested lungs and panting muscles are nothing if so be that he "prevail"; that God wrestles also like a man till the breaking of the splendid dawn!

So you have the law of human life, which is the law of the universe, revealed—the law of responsibility!

When we make a final settlement of social questions which we are dilettantizing over now, it will be on the basis of that law. It may be a long time in coming, but it is bound to come in the end. We may have many upheavals and many even bloody revolutions, for what I know, before the end comes. But the end will come from no evolution —though some may think so—of any principles of its own, much less of any bread-and-butter and animal-comfort principle of our socialists.

Let me state it: responsibility is destructive of what people call comfort. The more intense the sense of responsibility, the less "comfort." The only beings comfortable, "happy," in the sense of our political economists, are animals or the lowest races, or the lowest among the higher races. When all sense of responsibility, of moral obligation, is gone, moral and spiritual pain is gone.

To be "perfectly happy"—in the sense of these people, that is—one must get rid of all conscience of responsibility. But what then remains? The happiness of a swine. The higher men go, the intenser their sense of personality—that is, responsibility, obligation, and duty—the more full of care, anxiety, and pain they are, the more unhappy.

To use the word of Mr. Herbert Spencer and carry his thought higher, the more "differentiated" any being is, the more exposed it is to pain and unhappiness. The highest conceivable being is exposed to the highest conceivable pain.

But the pain with us results from growing. No pain, no rising. "No cross, no crown!" How often we have seen those words put up in church decorations or in "floral decorations," without the slightest notion of their profound meaning!

The eternal Man was "lifted up" to draw the generations after Him, but lifted on a cross. No man can be "lifted up" otherwise; no people can be, no people ever has been.

The loftiest men since the beginning, the men crowned and sceptered, have been the men who cheerfully, but from afar, took sorrow, pain, and labor on them, and trod the footsteps of the Man of Galilee. "For the salvation of their souls?"

Oh, surely, if you know what the salvation of a man's soul means. But I do not think they much thought of that. Their prime idea was the Lord's. They were trying to save other men; trying to help up and on the lame, the weary, and the hopeless. They had—and did not know it nor care about it—read the riddle of the universe—that climbing means weariness; that the attainment of the upper heights means pain; that royalty is service; that the Creator and the Father has a universe to remake and regenerate on His hands, ("develop," if you will; there is nothing paralyzing in a word), and has a sore struggle doing it; and that those who are called His sons accept the law—the higher, the more bitter the winds blow, the colder the long snow-summits; but the sunlit splendor of the dawn must be reached, not for rest or enjoyment, but because they are "lifted up," nearer service and nearer God, though the soul goes limping over Peniel!

LECTURE IV.

RESPONSIBILITY OF MAN.

I am not alone, because the Father is with Me.

JOHN xvi. 32.

LECTURE IV.

RESPONSIBILITY OF MAN.

SOME time ago we had in our newest city—the newest city in the world, indeed—a thing called a fair—the Columbian Fair.

Among the attractions to draw people and their half-dollars to this fair there was, besides "the Midway Plaisance," with its alleged Turkish dancing-women and its alleged Hindu nautch-girls, a show called the "World's Parliament of Religions."

All the "religions" in the world were invited most politely to come there and display themselves and say their best say, and tell how they came to be "religions" at all.

Hindu yogis, Mohammedan dervishes, Roman Catholic cardinals, Buddhist bonzes from China, and "mahatmas" (whatever they are) from Arabia were invited to disport themselves side by side

with Presbyterian and Unitarian doctors of divinity, with Mormon elders and archbishops of the Orient, and show a waiting and eager world which religion of all had the most to say for itself, and was, on the whole, the most picturesque and pretty specimen of "religion" now existent.

Altogether it was the most astonishing side-show of a remarkable fair, and could have been imagined and attempted only in the freshest and youngest community on earth—a community which has not yet quite found out what itself means, is dimly groping, mostly on all-fours, toward a somewhat indistinct conclusion, but which, by its very existence, as the gathering-place of all men—a sort of *collectio gentium*—has not settled the question of any divine purpose and meaning in itself, much less in the world; and yet, nevertheless, has a divine purpose and meaning, which in due time, and perhaps after much misery and many stripes, will appear.

Well, the fair was held, and the parliament was held, with results. The outcome of it all has not yet been published to a waiting world. Roman cardinals remain Roman cardinals still, and Hindu yogis are just as ragged and smell just as strong as ever, and the entire generation of cranks re-

main cranks still, and seem to be continuing their species numerously.

But the story had gone abroad into all lands that "the West" is rich. Indeed, it is a superstition even in Europe that all Americans are millionaires. I wish we were—at least that bishops were! How our missionary work would drive forward were that the case!

So the hungry children of the East came swarming with all their rags and all the populations and odors thereof—came swarming to the "Streets of Cairo" and the "Convent of La Rabida," and all the other shows—Chinamen, Javanese, Spanish monks, Buddhists and Brahmans from Hindustan, picturesque and ragged Syrians from Jerusalem, and venerable rabbis from Poland arm in arm with still more long-bearded and unkempt muftis from everywhere *except* Constantinople!

They came for those new Columbian fifty-cent pieces, and to exhibit incidentally their "religion." Nowhere but in the wildest dream could such an exhibition be taken as serious.

Of course it was not serious to the gentle, low-voiced children of the East. They were after the spoils of the West, and many of them were left—

as they no doubt were willing to be—stranded upon our hospitable and happy shores.

Many of us have no doubt had experience of these picturesque waifs and strays of the great fair—the *flotsam* and *jetsam* of the famous "Parliament of Religions"—at our back doors begging for cold victuals and old clothes, and without a solitary grain of profound Eastern psychology or any practical doctrine of reincarnation, an ounce of "theosophy" or a spark of "astral spirit," concealed about their fragrant persons!

One of the fragments of this drift, whose melodious name I have several times seen in print, professed to be a monk of some sort—Brahman or Buddhist, I know not which; but for the present a peculiar kind of monk, emancipated from all rules that usually govern monks. There are such "dispensations," I understand, among all sorts of monks. He could eat with anybody who gave him anything nice to eat, and drink anything nice that was going, and live in general intercourse with us benighted Christians, and take no harm, because his ecclesiastical superior in India had dispensed him from his vows for this time and occasion only; or else because—which sometimes occurs—being an "order" of monkery all by him-

self, and therefore his own "superior," he had just dispensed himself!

He was very picturesque. I do not, I say, know whether he was Brahman or Buddhist or Mohammedan, though I think certainly not the last. But it is of no consequence. He was a monk of some sort, and wore a long woolen skirt down to his heels and a roll of yellow stuff on his head, and people were interested in him on that account to start with. (A man's "environment" may sometimes have great influence on other people and very little upon himself.)

Women especially were interested in him. Women always are profoundly interested in monks. I think they always will be. There is here a psychological question more subtle and more interesting than any like question in Buddhism or Brahmanism. It deserves a book all by itself by some wise and learned man, so *I* leave it.

One lady—cultivated, thoughtful, an American woman of the best type—told me how much she was impressed by this mild-eyed son of the Punjab, and how devoted and pious and spiritual-minded he seemed to be.

She told me how he admired the enormous energy and victorious march of this Western civil-

ization. To be sure, our religion was nothing—a thing of yesterday. It could have no influence on the mind—the gigantic mind—of the Hindu trained and fed on theosophy and reincarnations, and guided generally by "mahatmas" and astral spirits—the lofty and spiritual-minded Hindu, who adored Siva and Kâlî and Juggernaut, and who was quite content to be a slave, and make slave's slaves of his women. But we were far before the Hindu in some things—our machinery, our steam-engines, our electric dynamos, and the like.

Then he was staying here in the United States, and hoping to get help to establish an Industrial School—a School of Mechanics and Engineering, of McCormick's Reapers and Singer's Sewing-machines, of Patent Plows and Remington Type-writers—for his poor countrymen. In these and such as these, according to him, lay the future hope of the millions of Hindustan. Here was where they acknowledged our superiority. (I think he did *not* mention Pears', or indeed any kind of *soap*.)

Not at all in Bibles (modern thing, your Bible!), not in creed or prayers (a poor thing of yesterday, your creed and prayers!—read the hymns to Agni and Varuna), but in steam-engines, electric

motors, in trolley-cars and the like, lay the redemption of Hindustan, as far as we uninspired Westerns could redeem it. In return for these they would send us some "mahatmas"; and there is as yet no tariff on "mahatmas."

I reminded my friend *first* that of all human creatures alive the Hindu is the biggest liar (the Syrian always excepted); that he really cannot speak truth save by accident; that all writers who know our Hindu cousins testify with one voice to this, even down to Mr. R. Kipling; and that the higher his caste and the more religious the Hindu is, the more measureless liar he is!

Of course I would not venture to say that this gentleman, who had come all the way to our barbarous country, and had run the risk of deadly defilement and the spoiling of his Brahm by being among us, was deliberately deceiving; but it was nevertheless the fact that the British government had established universities and colleges and schools of the very kind he named, and was trying to establish more among his people; and one of the greatest difficulties—indeed, the most serious of all—was their absurd, wicked, and inhuman system of caste, which stood in the way, and their ridiculous religion, which barred the road against

all human investigation,[1] and tied a man helpless in the dirt-universe, which was mightier than he, and which he dare not investigate. Suppose his reaper should cut off a cobra's head! Suppose his locomotive should run down a cow! The consequences are awful, considering the religion which makes cobra and cow alike an incarnation of Brahm.

"But," I said, "here is what ought to be said, with all strong, honest utterance, to a soul drowned in worm-eaten shams and conceit like this poor man; to a soul for whom Christ died, steeped and stupid in hereditary lies:

"'Your people are, all things considered, the most abject people on earth. We have your vaunted "sacred books," and can read them as well as you. There is absolutely nothing in them! Your hymns to Agni (*Ignis*), the fire you cook your rice on, your chants to Varuna (Ὁυρανος, thesky and clouds), are the cleanest of your litanies. There are others of your sacred books—your real, practical sacred books of your practical religion (Sivaïsm, Saktaïsm)—of unutterable vileness, "their manners none, their customs beastly;" and your religious shows and processions, your temples and their ornaments, and the

[1] See "Code of Manu," *passim.*

sacred chariots and thrones of your idols are unimaginable for their foulness by any soul in this country; and yet you exhibit all these vile things as holy before the eyes of your children. Your sacred rites corrupted ancient Rome to infamy. They would have corrupted modern England but for the stalwart faith in the Lord Christ which declared your gods to be devils![1]

"'For all the historic period you have been slaves. Your own native rulers have been monsters of brutality, bloodthirstiness, and obscenity. Only under some foreign conqueror, from Alexander down, have you had a glimpse of justice, of order, or of settled rule—a slight suggestion that the world was not managed by beasts.

"'Your "religion," as you call the consecrated imbecility and foulness which has dominated your unhappy souls and bodies, has chained you down victims to any human animal strong enough to lord it over you. When he has proved himself strong enough, you have gone on all-fours and licked his feet.

[1] I need scarcely say that the religion of Hindustan has not been Vedic for centuries. The Vedas, the Brahmanas (sacrificial and priestly forms) are childish. The sacred books of the practical religion (which is the foulest idolatry) are worthy of the religion of Siva and Kâlî.

"'In one of the fairest and fruitfulest lands on earth you have lived in the mire for ages.

"'The only monuments of your labor are the temples of your brutal gods and the palaces of your almost as brutal rajas, whom nevertheless you have considered divine.

"'You have starved in your wretchedness and rotted in your cholera. You have let the beasts destroy you and the serpents poison you. You have had no energy, no manliness, and no hope.

"'There are two hundred millions of you, and two hundred thousand Englishmen govern you; and for the first time in all your recorded history they have given you a decent, orderly, just government, so that a ryot's rice-field is securely his own, his mud hut and his wife and children belong to himself, and you are no more allowed to burn women alive as a holy obligation.

"'And you, and such as you—the Brahmans and the sacred men, the monks and holy men—are, in all ways you can, putting obstacles in the way; taking advantage of the educational opportunities given you by Christians, and then sneering at the hand that gives them and at the principles which are trying to save your wretched people into something human; in your hereditary conceit and im-

becile slavery to the idea of your own superiority —what you call, poor creatures! your "divinity"—doing your utmost against the detestable Christian and revolutionary principle which declares a Pariah just as good as a lazy Brahman with his holy string!

"'No! It is not machinery you want, but Christianity. Strange as it may seem to you, that is nevertheless the practical fact. For mind, Christianity is in no sense a religion, as you Orientals take religion. It is not a means of getting a man out of trouble and toil and heartbreak. It is rather an arrangement which puts him into these neck-deep. The things you call religion have for their end the saving men from labor, pain, and struggle. This strange religion of the West—this religion of the Man who worked in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth—calls them to all three; proclaims all three blessed, human, and divine; proclaims them victorious, royal, masterful over a universe governed by reason, as we believe it—not by brute force, as you believe.'"

For the religions of the East all have the same dread of personality. To be rid of this burden is to be blessed. To drop into the infinite life of the impersonal, as a snowflake drops in the ocean;

all, to float as the same drop vaporized floats into the fleecy cloud-flocks of even and disappears in the splendors of the sunset; to cease to be personally conscious; to be rid of pain and toil, rid of all duty and responsibility, and dissolve into the infinite azure deeps—this is attained beatification, this is Nirvana and everlasting bliss!

To cease to have anything to do, anything to say; to be rid of responsibility, which means to be rid of personality—the words are equivalent—makes this heaven of imbecility man's highest hope, and you have destroyed all we Western races call manliness, courage, energy, and whatsoever else is high and noble. The world is too much for humanity. It becomes its master. Man stolidly accepts slavery, disease, hunger, the poisonous reptile, the jungle, man-eating tiger. He crouches helpless before any brutal thing in nature or in man. He submits, not nobly protesting, like a knight smitten down in the strife, fighting to the last gasp; but like a whipped cur who can only crouch and moan and sneak and whine for pity from a savage master!

There is no conquest of the world in *him*, no mastering of nature possible. He deifies the cruel powers that destroy him, and carves monstrous

images of obscene and bloody things, and worships the bestial and the foul; for the bestial and the foul seem strongest, and there is no call from the divine to resist. He digs out his caves of Elephantis, puts his monstrous gods there, and flees the sunlight and the green earth.

Meanwhile the unbroken jungles shelter the venomous cobra and the tiger, and keep safe the seed-beds of the pestilence. He pollutes with filth the waters of his sacred river, and lays out his dying by its side, while the corpses are whirled away on the yellow wave, shadowed by the overhanging obscene birds that batten on the ghastly forms. For the river is too much for him. He has not thought of restraining it. It overwhelms his fields, and sweeps his mud hovel and his little harvests of rice away; so he calls it sacred, and worships Gunga as a god! The man of the Christian West comes, "levees" Gunga as he levees the Mississippi, and still the Hindu believes, for the present, that Gunga is a god! Brahm is far away, impersonal, and also helpless. Some day the Hindu will be lost to toil and sorrow, name and fame, in the immensity of Brahm—absorbed; a personality no more.

Conceive a people whose religion, so called, is

based upon the idea that existence is the sorest curse; that personality is punishment and the heaviest penalty; that to cease to be is the supreme good! Will such a people invent, improve, advance, conquer? There comes now and then to the surface a sign that here and there among ourselves there exist people who can talk and even write sentimentalisms about things they do not understand, and feign to exploit "the Oriental religions." They affect even to sneer at missions and missionaries, and admire bonzes, and talk about mahatmas.

Now we know India pretty well. She has not been hidden from the world's eye all these centuries. We know what her religions have done for her—where they have left her people—and we can make up our judgments upon what strong, just, righteous, and somewhat Christian rule has done for a people abject—made so inevitably by their "religion"!

It is the preëminence of Christ's religion that it emphasizes and demands the name of the person: "What is thy name?" It calls out the "I" to face the situation. No teacher was ever so aggressively personal as Jesus. He preaches continually His own personality. He cries, "Come

unto *Me;*" "*I* will give you rest;" "Take *My* yoke upon you;" "*I* am the good shepherd;" "*I* am the door;" "*I* am the true vine;" "*I* am the way, the truth, and the life;" "No man cometh unto the Father but by *Me.*" It is because we have heard it all so often, I suppose; because it has become a part of our unconscious thinking, that we are not startled by the strangeness of this persistent and matter-of-fact preaching of Himself.

There is this peculiarity, also, about His dealings with men about Him, that He calls out the personality of all who approach Him. In some cases it seems as if the miracle were impossible till the personality assert itself. It is *will* on His part: "Lord, if Thou *wilt,* Thou canst make me clean." It is faith on the suppliant's part: "If thou canst *believe,* all things are possible to *him who believeth.*" The conscious assertion of the selfhood, of the individuality, is called for—the two persons must recognize each other, and face each other, and know each other by name before there can be effect.

Is not the act of faith itself a supreme realization of a man's own individuality, and a strong grasp upon the individuality of the Deliverer? "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."

"Who gave you this name?"—the Catechism is true to the religion of personality. "A white stone, and in the stone a new name written," "the names written in the Lamb's book of life"—are not these things all on the same line?

Is not personality sacred because God is infinite Personality? And because man is made in the image of God, and therefore a person, is not his personality sacred in the eyes of God?

For mark, God never overrides the personality of man. He persuades, He leads in wise—infinitely wise—ways, and the convincing Spirit whispers in the heart, and Jesus stands forever at the door and knocks; but the independence of the personality is never outraged. A man shall be delivered by his own choice. He shall climb to the princedoms of God, but he shall be the "I" and say the "I" at every step.[1]

With a wonderful care the Eternal Personality treats the finite. No angel overrides the poor human will, nor breaks into the sacred circle of a man's individuality. Only devils from the outer chaos do that, and are cast out when the Lord of persons speaks the word of power to guard His own.

[1] In nothing does Calvinism more outrage Christianity than in its doctrine of "invincible grace."

One word here. Are we always reverent to the personality ourselves? Do not well-meaning people who go to help in warm brotherly kindness often trample rudely and thoughtlessly upon the feelings—that is, the individuality—of the poor or the suffering they would aid? Do they consider always the reserves and reticences of the heart to which a soul *with a name* is entitled? Do not we sometimes brusquely, and in unmannerly fashion, break into the sacred solitary rooms in which the soul sits alone—or at least try to? Remember Jesus "stands at the door, and knocks." He will never enter till the door is opened. If you would have Him guest you must invite Him.

Children are often wronged grievously by most loving parents. They have a right to themselves. Their personality is sacred. They have a right to their childish reticences and the little hedge that protects their individuality. It is frightful to hear such an expression as "breaking a child's will." God breaks no man's will. He seeks to make the will right. Let us older folk be careful about offending "one of these little ones," who are persons in the image of Christ, and have names by which He calls them, while their angels do always behold the face of the Father.

There is a terrible loneliness in personality. The soul bears its heaviest loads alone. It enjoys its profoundest blessedness alone. It suffers alone, it repents alone, and it leaves the world alone. Friends may be very dear and very desirous to aid or sympathize. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness." One must wrestle alone. There are times when the nearest and dearest—our heart's best brother—can only stand without. Kind hands may be eager to clasp ours, and loving lips desire to comfort, and ready feet to follow us to the brink; but each of us must step down into the dark, cold water *alone*.

I take it, in its real sense, no man ever heard a genuine confession. There are chambers in the soul into which no human foot can enter—of dearest friend or holiest priest.

For in the extremest assertion of personality there can be but one Companion. In the night-wrestle the antagonist is Jesus. In His own wrestle to come He tells His friends, "The hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave Me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with Me." In the vast halls of loneliness the only sound is the echo of the footsteps of God!

The human personality and the divine have alliance. "If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there" also. The human has something of the awfulness of the divine.

It is a trust, this personality, and a trust to make one tremble; for as far as we know, it is never recalled. A man can never get away from his past. "The dead past," in the pitiless strength of human personality, is not dead and has no dead to bury.

A man's words and works are stamped with his own individuality, branded with his brand, and marked with his own signet. He cannot make the word unspoken, nor the deed undone. He puts something of his personality into all he does, and there back of him they lie, the creations of his own will gone out into the yesterdays, but living still.

Even Almighty God—I say it reverently—cannot destroy a fact, cannot make that undone which has been done. He can forgive the sin—"cut off the entail of sin," as Jeremy Taylor speaks; but He cannot make the sin not to have been committed. So a man projects himself and stamps himself upon the universe. It is a compelled scientific conclusion that the words we say here

will still exist in the material earth while it shall stand. We are changing the relations of the atoms about us every word we speak, and that changes the relation of others; these are, of course, mingled with other changes and to ears are lost; but we know that we hear but a small fraction of the sounds about us, and it is quite conceivable, as a purely scientific matter, that there may be ears which hear all the noises, and the shouts and chargings, the volleying repulse, the thunder of the cannon, and the saber-clash of the last charge at Waterloo.

It is curious that they are not the incidents of yesterday which age brooding by the fireside remembers best, but the incidents of childhood, the friends long dead, the acts and words gone into the past; and more than curious—suggestive of things terrible—that some boyish escapade, some little mean thing done, which had no special consequences, comes back more vividly to torment the conscience than some large wrong of manhood!

It has a terrible side to it, this personal life. It makes all things so frightfully, uncompromisingly real. "I did this; I said that. I have issued the coin from the mint of my personality. I cannot

recall. I have created something. God help me if it be evil! The Lord deliver me from myself!"

But this stern, masterful religion of the Lord Christ leaves us no escape from the awfulness of the gift, nor from its terrible responsibilities. Instead it tells us to thank God for it; to strive more and more for its larger measure; that our blessedness comes from the intensity and aggressiveness of our personality; that it is a growth into the likeness of eternal God to become more and more a person, an "I," with every personal trait and quality alive—will, affection, faith, love, hope; that the word "I will arise" is forever the word of power that delivers when the lost child goes home.

And now upon the world and men see the effect. There is but one companionship eternal for the human person—namely, the divine Person. So sure is this that the divine Person took human nature—that is, all human personality—into one Person, never to be divided!

Man walks with God. God encourages him to walk like God; shows him his responsibilities as a person in a world made and ruled by a Person; shows him his obligations and moral responsibilities, and urges him up and on.

Well, in some faint and half-hearted way the Christian peoples have seen this, and are trying to fulfil their obligations in the high place God has given them. Christianity, because it is a personal religion, is aggressive. It means will. It counts strength good; not as such only—it has small regard for dumb or irrational force. Christ *ordered* the tempest to close its bluster, remember. The highest force, the force to be reverenced because it is ordered, rational, and spiritual, the force to be obeyed, is the force of a personal will. Power displaying itself as power is not on God's nor man's side. It is diabolic, rather. Power that speaks conscience, orderly will, help and not harm, salvation, not destruction, is the power our faith holds divine.

I have heard wonder expressed that the religion of the mild, pitiful, and gentle Jesus should be the religion of the warrior peoples, the aggressive, conquering peoples of the world. One may remember a book published some years ago by a very interesting man, who tried to construct a new religion from Brahmanism and Christianity. The book was called "The Oriental Christ." The object was to show that the mild Hindu is repelled by our aggressive, masterful Western Christ, and

that to convert the Hindus we need to present only the tender and pitiful Christ.

Possibly some of us thought there was more of sentimentalism than of religion in this. Yet the writer was clearly honest and sincere; and there are those among ourselves who have been slow to see that the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Captain of the Lord's host, and "the King of kings, and Lord of lords," with His "vesture dipped in blood," is none other than the Nazarene—the Lamb slain from of old.

But why should it surprise us that a religion which teaches that the building up of personality is the aim of living, life, and effort for man; that onward and upward toward the highest is the path marked for him; that the infinite Person in whose image he was made calls him to imitate Himself —why should it surprise us, I say, that such a religion should train the leaders and masters of men?

To believe that there is an eternal relationship between myself and Almighty God; that such is the relationship that when none else can come near me He is with me; that though there were not another being in the universe but myself, He would be with me; that this relation, *personal*

—between persons, not abstractions nor ideas—shall stand

> "When the stars are old,
> And the sun grows cold;"

that I am here in His world to help Him do His work in it in masterful and royal fashion; not to shun toil, but to court it; not to shirk responsibility, but to bear it; not to enjoy, but to suffer, as needs must suffer every creature who will climb higher, every man and race of men who are wrestling out of the old dark into the new dawn; and that, if so be, I must wrestle with eternal God Himself alone, that the old cowardice may perish and the new courage may be born, and so I emerge a prince, at last prevailing, though I go limping on the heights of Peniel—this belief, even part grasped and part lived poorly, will give you the men who are victorious.

Believed so as to be lived, and fear is gone; fear of all power save the power ordered, moral, righteous, takes departure. A man himself says, yet with no arrogance and no insolence—with profound reverence, rather, and a noble humility—"I am a *person* here among *things*. I have reason, judgment, and a sense of righteousness; I am an 'I,' and deliberately make my resolution: 'I will

arise.' Being what I am, I am *bound;* I am under obligation to all around me; I *must* stand for the best. The worst is my enemy. There are endless days before me; I cannot rest. 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,' said the one Son of God, in whom and by whom I too am a son; and I am called to work till the hour strikes."

There is all the onwardness, you see, all the restless energy, all the high hopefulness, all the dauntless courage of the leaders and the lords who have felled the forests, cleared the jungles, drained the marshes, and made the homes and the cities of men; have gone one long stride higher and made ordered governments, rights, and justice for men; and another stride higher still—have built churches and vast cathedrals, hospitals and homes for the outcasts of a yet semi-barbarous civilization, proclaiming that men have a Father in heaven, and that the most wretched one of all the family is still a person, and has relations with the rest, and especial relations with the Person who is from everlasting to everlasting!

Nirvana for him! Nay; neither here nor anywhere, neither now nor forever! In the vast worlds and æons the "I" can have no rest. It has been branded by the awful brand of the eter-

nal "I," and branded for everlasting. Evermore across the ford that divides from home and Father's house he must go limping. He must stagger on over the heights of Peniel!

In a universe where all things change the person stands permanent. No slow wearing of the years, no chance nor change, no sudden shock of force, no earthquake, no cyclone, changes the person. The "I" stands self-conscious in all the years. It stands apart and looks at all else from the point of its own poise.

It will watch a star die out in the ethereal deeps, (a sun that is, and a system, and whatsoever these hold), and think its thoughts and write out its speculations in the calmness of a fixed assurance that, come what will to suns and stars and systems, *it* will stand outside and still say, "*I* think," and, "*My* opinion is thus and so."

It is impossible for the developed personality to imagine the universe existing and he not there! It is impossible for it to imagine a universe destroyed and he not there to see!

So our religion gives us no respite. We cannot detach ourselves from our past. We cannot decline our future.

This awful religion of ours still cries "On!" and

still cries "Up!" Duty, obligation, work, endurance! "No rest," you ask me? No rest, surely, in the sense we use the word here—self-indulgent laziness; certainly none for a soul not lost. Is the lost soul the soul that declines responsibility, denies obligation, refuses duty, and so has reached Nirvana?

"So many worlds! So much to do!" So far between the finite person and the infinite Person! So many princedoms to attain! So many services to do for God and the creatures of God!

Will man, the person, ever reach his highest development? "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," what God hath in store for His child!

Grant it is all mystery. But the mystery must contain what is good, princely, noble, manful. And what these are must be judged by the ethical judgment of the loftiest and purest and tenderest men.

Ease, reward, and the struggle ended; luxury and splendors beyond earthly dreaming; crowns, scepters, jewels, and golden houses—the noblest men care nothing for them *now*. We are Christian men. These things the barbaric kings of Ind may make *their* heaven. The Lord we serve trampled on them. We have gone so far up that our noblest

trample on them too. Our reward is to *win*, to win again, and once more to *win!* Give us the victory; let who will take the triumph! The great dead singer spake the thought of men named with the conquering name of Christ:

> "Glory of virtue to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
> Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she.
> Give her the glory of going on and still to be!
> She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
> To rest in a golden grove or bask in a summer sky.
> Give her the wages of going on and not to die."

Nay, the highest thing on earth conceivable to man is the human pneuma. "What know we greater than the soul?" Personality is eternal. We are ordained for our future. It demands us, and will take no refusal.

And person means obligation, duty, service. The world is a world of service. God serves and man serves. Shall not every world be a world of service?

If the "I" win on—which God wants it to do and made it to do; if it become more and more an "I," more and more a pronounced and strong "I," as it grows nearer its sole companionship, the everlasting and awful "I," shall it not find the obligations growing, the duties growing, the re-

sponsibilities growing; and shall it not find forever, as it finds now, and in all worlds, as it finds in this, that the growth comes—the development—according to the ideal pattern seen in the mount of spiritual vision, amid the thunders and lightnings of the presence of the infinite "I"—that it can only grow and only develop and only be saved from Nirvana and eternal death by facing the responsibilities, doing the duties, bending under the burdens; and with a ringing cheer of thanks for the high privilege, by accepting the everlasting law of service?

I have spoken of the doctrine of Personality—the Personality of God, the personality of man, the special, distinct peculiarity of the all-conquering religion of Jesus Christ, the Man consecrated to deliver—as an awful thing—it is; as a lonely thing—it is; as a painful, sorrowing, bitter thing—it is.

But let us not forget the end—our Lord set it before men—to become sons of God; to remain sons of God when God puts the stars out as you would snuff a candle; princes, because they have wrestled with God and men, and have won. That is the end of the law of development, according to revelation!

To become a person who is like the Personality of God—that is the end.

> "Not enjoyment and not sorrow
> Is our being's end and aim,"

but to become more and more a person who, upon the sands of the farthest shore of space, and in the midnight of wrecking worlds, can yet dare to wrestle with Almighty God, and say, "I will *not* let Thee go, except Thou bless me;" and who can, in the midst of the flaming spears of the bursting dawn, stagger on, upon the summits of the eternal hills, on flame with the eternal day, to meet the Maker, the awful "I Am that I Am," who has dwelt in the thick darkness, and so see God face to face, and *live!*

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